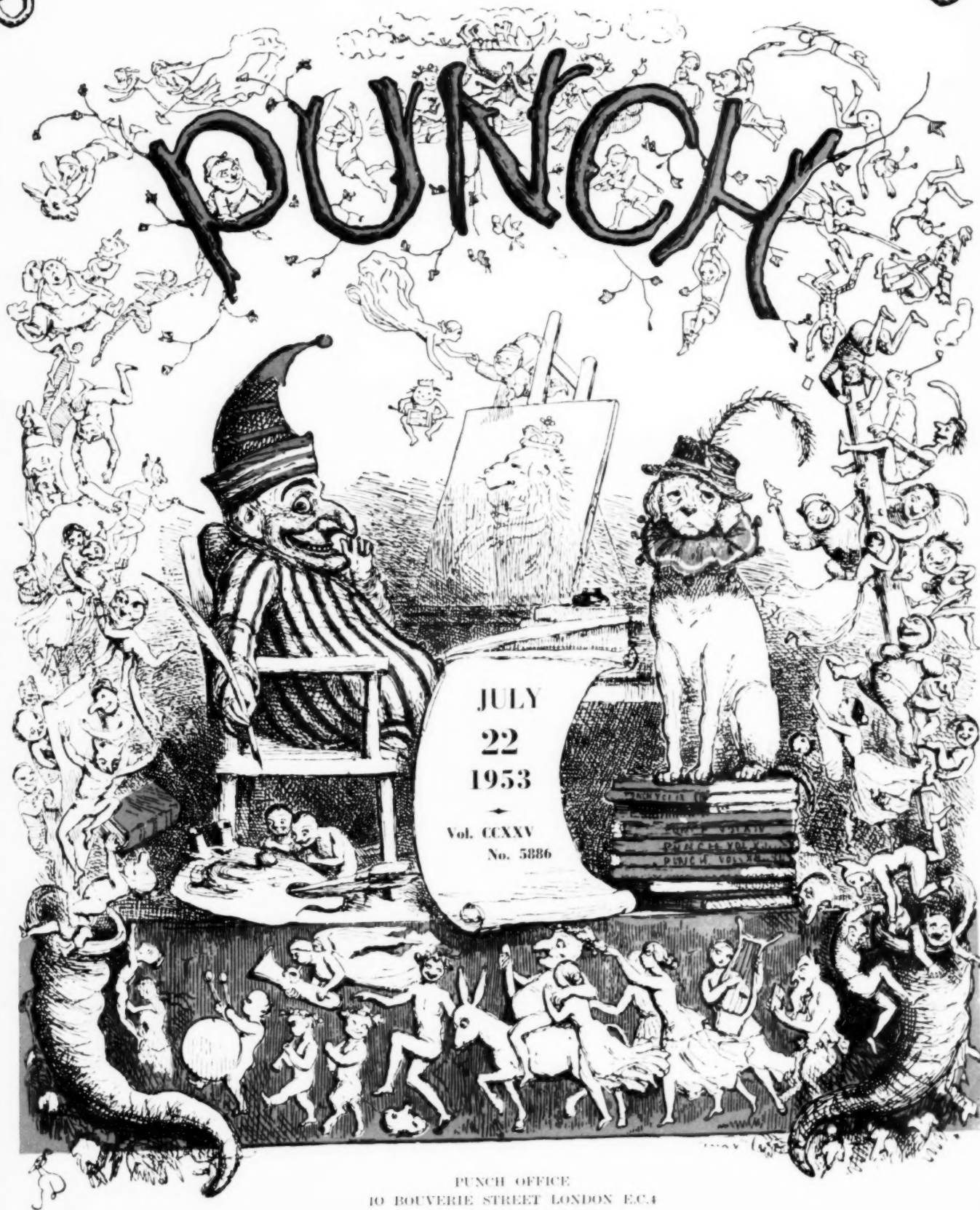


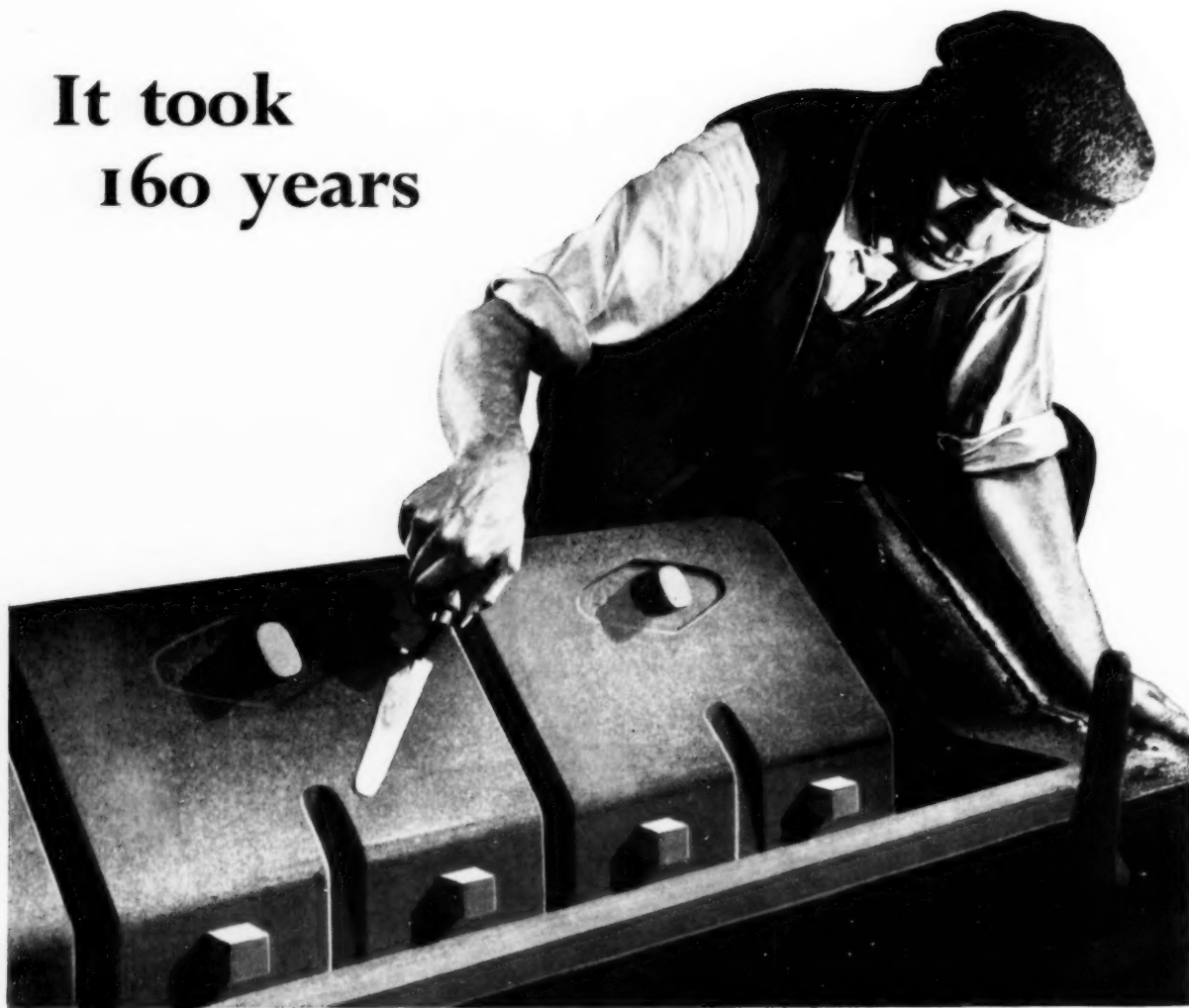
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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JULY 22 1953

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

It took 160 years



Watch a sand moulder at work in the iron-foundries of Newton Chambers and you will instantly sense the skill and experience of a man with a fascinating mastery over his tools. The mould he fashions in sand will give the metal its final form, perfect in

every detail. For seven generations such men have helped to build the Company's world-wide reputation. *At Newton Chambers every present-day development rests on the sure foundation of 160 years of hard-won experience.*

Newton Chambers

& COMPANY LIMITED, THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD

HEAVY CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING, EXCAVATORS, INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC HEATING APPLIANCES,
FUEL ECONOMISERS, IZAL AND OTHER CHEMICAL PRODUCTS.

When nothing's as
good as it used
to be—



how refreshing to
find a soft drink
which is a soft drink . . .
Lembar contains as much
as 36% pure lemon juice —
(the kind that comes out
of lemons) — sweetened
with pure white sugar and
glucose, enriched with good
Scotch barley. Deliciously
tactful with touchy livers . . .
very restorative, most satisfying.

how refreshing
to come across
Lembar

Glucose Lembar (for invalids) contains
28% glucose. Obtainable at Chemists
Beverage Lembar from Grocers and Wine
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DILUTE WITH 5 PARTS WATER

MADE BY RAYNER & CO. LTD. LONDON N.18

*The
pleasure
is mutual*



It's pleasant to receive a
letter which conveys the
personality and good taste of the writer.
Notepaper with a smooth, non-greasy surface
which encourages the easy flow of the pen,
and quality to add a touch of distinction,
makes writing a pleasure too.
That briefly sums up Waldorf Club — the
popular notepaper. Make it your personal
stationery and give and receive greater
enjoyment from your correspondence.

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NEWTON MILL LTD., 24-25 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



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**WHY NOT GIVE A PRESENT
OF INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER**

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**PERIOD DESIGNS
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FROM ALL HIGH GRADE JEWELLERS

ELIZABETH II
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QUALITY DURING THE REIGNS OF TEN SOVEREIGNS



ask the typist

Of all the tests a typewriter undergoes the typist's test is the final and most important one. On its result depends the assessment of the typewriter's value. To pass it, the typewriter must produce work of a very high standard, quickly, quietly and easily; the touch must be light; the carriage movement firm and precise; every one of the 2,400 parts working faultlessly.

Careful planning and precision engineering ensure that every Imperial typewriter is, above all else, a typist's typewriter. As a result, Imperial typewriters have been passing the typist's test all over the world for more than fifty years.

Imperial

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED · LEICESTER
CNC12



Nelson stands sentinel

... while a little girl dreams in the sun. He has seen it all before—the flags, the crowds and the processions—but to her they are new and exciting and something that she will always remember. It is our hope that in this Coronation year all our friends from overseas may see the sights of London through her eyes.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

AND THE ANSWER?



A BRICK!

We have taken this space to tell you that the M.I.28
(one of the new Morgan Refractories) is the modern, **WORKING** answer
to the by-no-means new theory of the Hot-face Insulator.

(Lay readers are asked to consult the nearest Furnace Maintenance
Engineer. Technical readers are asked to judge this brick
strictly on its merits . . . which means giving it a trial.)

Expensive? Yes, initially.

But . . .

MORGAN

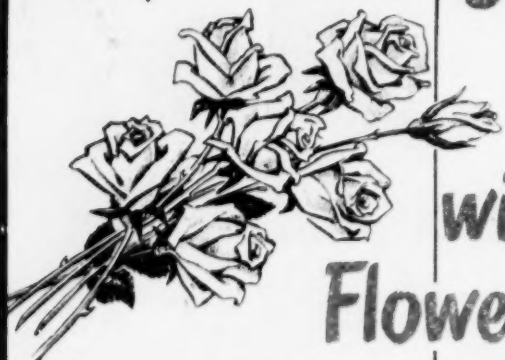
Refractories

ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST

ROSS'S Indian Tonic Water

blends with any fine gin in a subtle mellow harmony

more eloquent than words...



Say
it
with
Flowers

Anniversaries . . . Birthdays . . . Thank You's . . . Get well Messages . . . Whatever the occasion flowers have a magical way of expressing your sentiments especially when sent telegraph fast. Fresh untravelling flowers can be delivered at any time (within a matter of hours if necessary) to anywhere in Great Britain, the Commonwealth and other countries of the free world through members of Interflora.



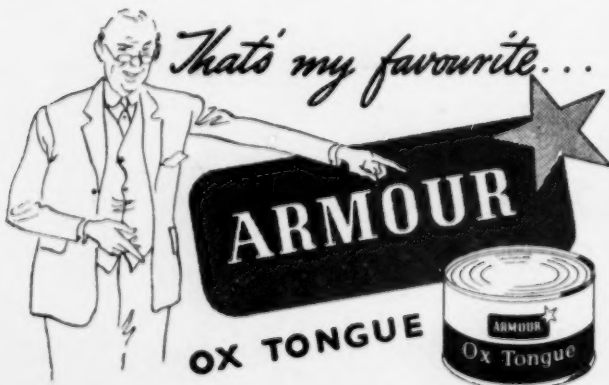
INTERFLORA

THE

FLOWERS-BY-WIRE SERVICE

Order only through florists displaying this symbol — your guarantee of satisfaction.

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. P.) 3583/62 Kensington High Street, W.14



That's my favourite...

ARMOUR

OX TONGUE



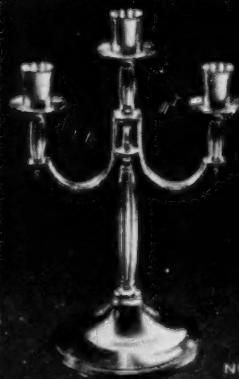
Sharps
the word!

Sharps

the word for Toffee

Edward Sharp & Sons Ltd "The Toffee Specialists" of Maidstone

Makers of Super-Kreem and Kreemy Toffees, the toffees with the "Kreemy" texture.



Goddard's
Plate Powder

The polish of
the Silversmith

NO OTHER POLISH IS QUITE THE SAME



Antonio grows tomatoes
just like my aunt—
only better



Bang goes another legacy! What the writer really meant to say was: "Like my aunt, Antonio grows tomatoes, only better ones."

In fact, Antonio grows such plump, tender tomatoes that Heinz have had him under contract for many years now, and all his crop finds its way to Merrie England.

It's the same in many parts of the world. Besides the good husbandmen of Britain, there are Antonios called Pierre, Guiseppe, Jan, Ranji, each applying his "greenfingery" in the name of Heinz. And back in the factories in England there are Georges, Berts, Toms and Freds with a special skill all their own. What's more, there's a chef from one of Europe's top hotels. We can assure you that he has a very sensitive palate and that he makes no small contribution to the special savoury flavour you get in Heinz foods.

Well, that's our private United Nations, all working to make sure that Heinz foods stay the way you know them—absolutely first-class, and very, very tasty.

HEINZ 57

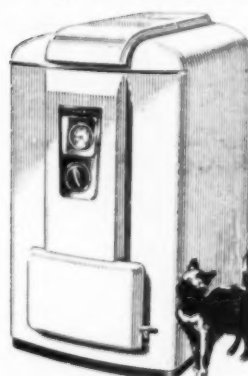
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LTD., HARLESDEN, LONDON, N.W.10

Beautiful Boilers *for everybody*

THE MOST IMPORTANT thing about a boiler is that it should *work*, and go on working. That is just what Agamatic boilers do.

They work beautifully. And they look remarkably handsome too.

Here are a few of the outstanding things about these beautifully-behaved boilers. Choose whichever of the two you like: The Agamatic (either one)



FOR THE NEW RICH!

(Or those impoverished by large houses)

The full-size Agamatic; heats the water for a tank of 40 to 100 gallons — that is, gives you up to four baths every hour; or heats up to 200 sq. ft. of central heating.

It is a very fine boiler indeed and costs **£55**

(£60 with rust-proofed boiler)

5 Saves any amount of work and trouble. Riddling is quick, easy, thorough — and infrequent. You tread on a pedal to open the ashpit door, and lift up the top with your naked hand. You do not get dust and ash all over the place: the Agamatic is *clean*.

6 Designed to burn coke or any smokeless fuel.

7 Hire Purchase over one or two years if you feel that way inclined.

AGAMATIC!

Anyone who is thinking of buying a boiler should write at once for illustrated leaflets about these two.

THE ADDRESS IS:

AGA HEAT LTD.,
102/2 Orchard House, Orchard Street,
London, W.1.



The word "Agamatic" is a registered trade mark of Aga Heat Ltd.

(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



FOR THE NEW POOR!

(Or those enriched by compact plumbing)

The new Agamatic 25/40; for the house without central heating (beyond a towel rail). Heats the water for a tank of 25-40 gallons — that is, for up to two baths every hour.

It is only 18 inches wide and costs

£29

(£31-10-0 with rust-proofed boiler)

PORVIC

makes battery traction

NEWS!

HITHERTO, the wood separators have been one of the main factors in determining the useful life of a traction battery, particularly when used under arduous conditions.

Porvic, a microporous plastic material of high porosity and low electrical resistance, provides a battery separator which is chemically inert and does not wear out in service.

At the same time, improved grid alloys have been introduced which, used in conjunction with Porvic separators, ensure for EXIDE-IRONCLADS—already famous for their sound engineering construction—even greater robustness and reliability.

CHLORIDE BATTERIES LTD have recently organised their Sales and Inspection Advisory Service for users of Exide-Ironclad batteries on a Regional basis. The Chloride Area Sales offices listed below are, in effect, extensions of the Exide Works. They have full Works facilities for repairs and service: and their staffs are Works-trained. They offer you all the advantages of dealing direct with the Works—at a convenient distance.

Exide-Ironclad

BATTERIES

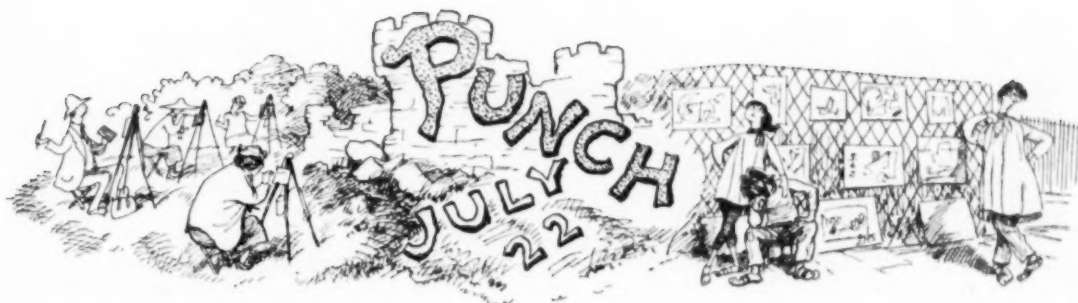
FOR ALL FACTORY TRUCKS, ELECTRIC VEHICLES AND LOCOS

A PRODUCT OF CHLORIDE BATTERIES LIMITED

EXIDE WORKS · CLIFTON JUNCTION · SWINTON · MANCHESTER

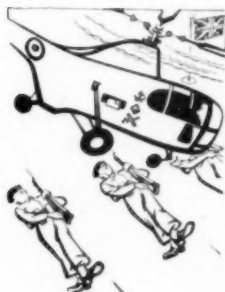
AREA SALES OFFICES: LONDON: Elgar 7991 · BRISTOL: 22461 · BIRMINGHAM: Central 3076 · GLASGOW: Bridgeton 3734 · BELFAST: 27953

V.80E



CHARIVARIA

SERVICE life, like any other kind, means continual adjustment to changing conditions. Braving the Official Secrets Act, a military correspondent has called to our notice the impending promulgation of a rumoured Army Council Instruction amending the drill for troops greeting visiting generals.



to our notice the impending promulgation of a rumoured Army Council Instruction amending the drill for troops greeting visiting generals.

The Pope has proclaimed St. Cassian the patron saint of shorthand typists, basing his choice on a passage from the poet Prudentius which describes the saint as "a master of the art of reproducing words with very brief signs." This seems good enough—provided, of course, that the notes dictated by the poet Prudentius on this subject were accurately transcribed.

Soviet propagandists must have suffered bitter frustrations under the edict which recently banned terms of abuse in international commentaries. Relief has now been afforded, to judge by Moscow broadcasts, in the behaviour of the insolent, despicable, infamous, base, dirty, disgusting, treacherous, contemptible, perfidious, poisonous and thrice-damned bourgeois renegade, Mr. L. P. Beria.

Dr. V. K. Zworykin, a scientist employed by the Radio Corporation of America, is reported to have perfected an "audience-voting system" which will enable television viewers, by pressing buttons on their receivers, to express their opinion of the artists on the screen. Producers are expected to be

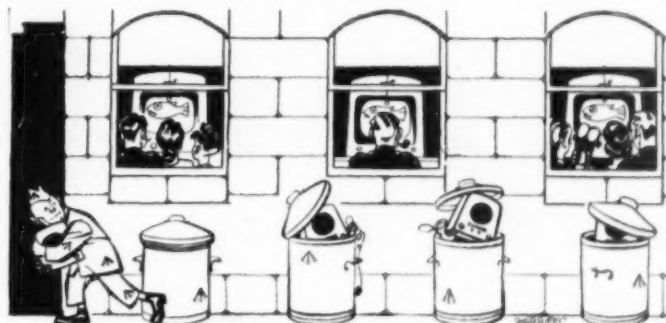
even more than usually insistent on artists sticking to the script.

Livelier fare is promised on Communist-run east German radio, which may soon become as sensational as the following item from the Moscow "Forces Programme":

"Ignatiev himself is a master in all fields of military training. He constantly checks the results achieved by his men. On one occasion he noticed that Sgt. Gladky was not aiming correctly at moving targets. He explained the mistake to Gladky and gave him simple but good advice. 'When you aim at a moving target you must calculate the speed at which the target is moving. If you aim direct at the target you are making a mistake.'"

A Socialist party spokesman declares that under the next Labour government the steel industry will be restored to the State on terms ensuring that "no profit is made at the expense of the public." It is at the expense of the public, of course, that no profit is being made in the other nationalized industries.

Convicts at a west-country prison who made a radio receiving set out of spare parts painstakingly collected over a long period from the warders' dust-bins could have saved themselves a lot of trouble by waiting until the new Government television development programme was completed.





THE Minister of Fuel and Power spoke the other day of the "gradual but almost continual decline in the proportion of large coal in the total output," and since he did not bother or was unable to explain this phenomenon we poor consumers were left to speculate *inter alia* upon the increasing clumsiness of the modern miner or the increasing fragility of modern coal. Then Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd announced that the Government had authorized the National Coal Board to import quantities of large coal from Western Europe, and we were left to wonder *inter alia* whether our ideal of a Welfare State (coupled with our "bassinot to tomb" system of national insurance) conduces to keeping the home fires burning.

In 1939 the miner was near the bottom of the class, earning less on the average than workers in eighty-three "gainful occupations"; now, he is on top, the highest-paid manual worker in the country, backed by a strong and consolidated union and the goodwill of the general public, and dogged in a paternal way by the National Coal Board. All this we consumers applaud or accept (just as we applaud the N.U.M.'s recent decision to abandon demands for yet another substantial increase in pay), but we cannot ignore the implications of Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd's statements.

Why is there this gradual and almost continual decline in the proportion of large coal in the total output? Are the miners becoming careless, misfielding the stuff, allowing fine large lumps to slip from their well-greased palms and fragment into tiresome slack? Is there sabotage in the mines, daddy? Or is the coal itself to blame? Our estimated reserves of coal—our one great source of national wealth—stand, according to the handiest of our reference

THE COAL STANDARD

books, at some sixty thousand million tons, enough coal at the present rate of extraction to see us through the next three hundred years and well into the atomic age, but the future is grim indeed, if slack is to become steadily slacker, cobbles less cobbled and nuts less nutty.

Why—the world price of fuel being what it is, our coal reserves being what they are, and our visible trade gap yawning—do we tolerate such fecklessness and improvidence? And how do the miners justify their rejection of European labour in our collieries when they are prepared to accept German coal in their grates?

The carrot-and-stick (incentives and "sanctions") system of economic determinism seems to have let us down. The donkey already has the carrot between his jaws, and the driver has lost his stick.

It is no use blaming the miner, for he is still doing a job that the rest of the community would not care to tackle at any price. And it is no use blaming the Ministry—though there is still room for improvement in its public relations. Only the other day they told us (in one breath) that "the slow rate of stock increase

during the past few weeks has been a matter of particular concern to the Government" and (in another, somewhat shorter breath) that householders can help by buying *now*. There is, of course, a perfectly good reason for each of these apparently contradictory statements, but for the moment it escapes me and I am reminded of the days when the French cured unemployment by setting the workless to carry buckets of water from one side of the Seine to the other.

Don't blame even the N.C.B. unless you consider that its accounting is cock-eyed. The Board's financial policy, it seems, is to break even, to make neither profit nor loss, and this inevitably means that half its nine hundred collieries must operate at a profit and half at a loss. There must be roundabouts and swings, losses on—of all things—anthracite to compensate for the profits on filthy slate and slack. So there is a vested interest in deficits as such, for deficits offset and neutralize the surplus trading balances of those collieries still riddled with the old profit motive.

We consumers do not care what method of internal accountancy the N.C.B. employs, but we become alarmed when we hear that production per man-shift is declining. And it *is* declining. Without knowing the truth we are apt to suspect that Hobart House favours improvements in productivity at colliery A only when it can be matched by a corresponding reduction in productivity at colliery B . . .

All told one feels rather hopeless about the coal situation. But comfort can be derived from the thought that atomic energy is on the way and that there have been fresh rumours of shrinkage in the polar ice-cap.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"SOLICITOR DROVE DANGEROUSLY NEAR NORWICH"

Eastern Evening News

Missed it, luckily.



"WHAT NOW?"

SCHOOOBIBS

LIKE many another plant which burst hopefully from the earth in the Socialist springtime of 1945 the Bouverie Institute of Building Science (BIBS) has felt its still tender shoots to be withered, if not actually blasted, by the untimely and cheese-paring frosts of renascent Toryism. The Director was, in fact, in a gloomy mood when Mr. Hushkind of the L.C.C. called on him; but his despondency was rapidly turned into exhilaration when Mr. Hushkind explained the object of his mission. This was, to request BIBS to turn its thoughts to the L.C.C.'s plans for the educational future of London.

The idea of the mammoth comprehensive school had, as Mr. Hushkind explained, been greeted with such general public joy and acclaim that the L.C.C. had come to regard it as only an interim stage in the march towards educational

perfection. The ultimate aim is to abolish *all* schools in the Greater London area and concentrate the children of London, of all ages from three to eighteen, in one enormous school centrally situated.

The area chosen for the Total Comprehensive School (TOTCOMPSCH) is that bounded by Park Lane, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly. The first step will be to nationalize the land of this area, if this has not been done already; the second, to sweep away the huddle of existing buildings—a poor bag of physical assets, if ever there were one—and level the site. Then, on London's land, will arise London's School, TOTCOMPSCH—the first Total Comprehensive Metropolitan Socialist School in the world.

Naturally, the execution of such a plan in detail takes years of thought and study. Nevertheless, certain basic aspects are already agreed

upon. It is axiomatic that TOTCOMPSCH will consist entirely of single-storey buildings; the workers and housewives of Catford could not go happily about their avocations obsessed with the thought that their children might be tripping and breaking their legs in far-away Westminster.

Transport will of necessity be a major problem. Feed-roads are envisaged entering the TOTCOMPSCH area from the north, south, east, and west. Along these arteries the busborne children will be fed to a centrally located Assembly Point. Here they will be de-bussed and given a rough preliminary sorting into age-groups. The sorted and re-bussed groups will be dispatched along secondary internal feed-roads to secondary sorting centres, and re-de-bussed.

We see emerging logically from this the conception of TOTCOMPSCH as a system of clusters: the main Assembly Point with its cluster of sorting-depots, then the



"Now, on the instructions of the testator I shall say . . . ready . . . get set . . ."

secondary, or age-group centres, each with its cluster of tertiary collecting-points clustered around it. All primary and secondary points will have land-line telephonic communication with the Central Strategic Administration Block (CENSTRADBLO). The tertiary collecting-points will be supervised by mobile super-intendent-collectors equipped with walkie-talkies and keeping constant radio - telephonic contact with CENSTRADBLO. Movements of major and minor children-flow within the whole TOTCOMPSCH area will be plotted on Movement Tables in CENSTRADBLO.

At the tertiary collecting points the children will be broken down into blocks of approximately a thousand by passing them through turnstiles with electronic counters. Each thousand-group will be symbolized on the Tertiary Movement-Tables in CENSTRADBLO by coloured counters, corresponding to the I.Q. standard of the group. An ingenious device is the issuing to each child, on preliminary I.Q. determination at Borough Welfare Centres, of an indented plaque capable of being pushed through a slot in the appropriate turnstile, *but none other*. In this way no child of low I.Q. will be able to infiltrate inadvertently or deliberately into a high-I.Q. Tertiary Group.

So far the principal efforts of BIBS have been directed towards planning the innumerable mechanisms necessary for the smooth functioning of CENSTRADBLO, which is, when all is said and done, the heart and soul of TOTCOMPSCH, without which all else would fail. What will happen to the sorted and graded tertiary groups of children is a matter for further consideration; there must presumably be teachers and classrooms to receive them, but these are, as it were, end-effects resulting from the preliminary sorting process.

More important at this stage is the problem of administrative control, and notably the securing of a smooth flow of children through a further set of turnstiles to the Vegetarian, Carnivorous and Infant Canteens. This midday movement will be effected by passing the



"Oh good, Mr. Bentley's brought his party piece."

children along a series of ramps to feeding-hatches, through which supplies of food will be delivered either on moving belts or by a system of gigantic grabs or scoops.

In this way the mass-handling of edible material may be dealt with at selected stations along the periphery of TOTCOMPSCH in a manner which will avoid the possible confusion of the main mass-flow of children with the main mass-flow of edible material. It would be no comfort to the workers and housewives of Catford to know that their children, having escaped the maiming effects of multiple-storey buildings, had only done so in order to end up served piping hot to their fellow-pupils from Lewisham.

All that is needed to start our children off on the happy road to TOTCOMPSCH is the looked-for mandate at the next General Election. With this glittering prospect before them, we are confident that the electors will not be led astray again.

R. P. LISTER

"Paris magazines in the Church of England had a total circulation of 3,000,000 but although they had greatly improved recently, nobody could say that they were in themselves sufficient to create a well-informed church public."

Manchester Guardian

Not on church matters, anyway.

PLOTS, TEN-AND-SIX

TWENTY years ago the face of Xavier Zammit was as familiar to readers of the advertisements in magazines and periodicals as the word refrigerator: sometimes his noble brow and hypnotic stare would be flanked by the contorted countenances of sufferers from rheumatism, backache and neuralgia; at others it occupied a page to itself, inset and surrounded by stylized figures kneeling in homage, each of them appropriately garbed and labelled, respectively, "HUMOUR," "MYSTERY," "ADVENTURE," "LOVE," etc., with the overall caption: "A KING AMONG HIS SUBJECTS."

There was a third advertisement which depicted him pointing an accusing finger under the legend: "WRITERS! DO YOUR STORIES SELL?" and the sight of this, about 1937, began to affect me with feelings of guilt and despondency. For it could not be denied that the stories I was writing at that period did not sell. Perhaps this was because

of my congenital inability to devise a dramatic climax suitable for magazine publication; indeed, one editor (an F.R.Z.S. to boot) had returned a batch of MSS. with the curt pencilled comment: PLOTS—WEAK!

Xavier Zammit undertook to alter all that. His own sales to editors reached the million mark; he could supply plots acceptable to any market and promised personal revision of all stories submitted to him. His fees were not stated, but glowing testimonials to his tuition were appended from pupils to whom Zammit was apparently known as the Chief. ("Sold that yarn we worked on first go off to *Housemaid's Choice*, and two more since to *Purple Heart*—5 gns. apiece! Congrats.—all due to you, Chief!"—A. B., Stoke Poges. Name and address supplied upon request.)

I was selling vacuum-cleaners at two quid a week, and too broke to avail myself of these services, but one day, having borrowed the fare to London, I decided to call round for a chat, which could not conceivably cost anything. Zammit's business premises—called in his advertisements *THE PALACE OF PLOT*—were in a street near Ludgate Circus. I had imagined he owned the whole building, but his office was actually on the fourth floor: surprisingly small and silted over with a film of fine grey dust which aroused my instincts as a salesman. Zammit himself was small and dusty too—the noble brow had receded into baldness, but the eyes, if not exactly hypnotic, were shrewd and alert, and he got down to business without delay.

"Plot trouble, eh? Well, we'll soon have that fixed. All a matter of training the mind, see? Bit of the old psycho—get your subconscious on the go. You'd be surprised what comes out. Why, some of the boys I put on my Dream-Subject Course have got so they turn out stories in their sleep. That's for advanced scholars though. We'll start with Schedule A, give you something basic to bite on . . ."

He whipped from his pocket a large printed card that looked at first sight like a menu. "There's an ascending tariff, look. Plots from ten-and-six, Strong Plots a quid a crack, Extra-strong two guineas and upwards. Success guaranteed or a third of your money back."

My face fell. On my present salary even plain Plots were beyond my means, Strong Plots quite out of the question, while as for Extra-strong . . . "Sorry," I said, "to have wasted your time. I can't afford the ante."

Zammit, unperturbed by this statement, which perhaps was not unfamiliar to him, now produced a stout volume bound in blue cloth from a drawer of his desk. "Well, if you can't run to individual tuition, how about this? *PLOT PARADE*, compiled over a lifetime of study by yours truly Xavier Z. Contains every



"You'll have to speak up, I'm a bit deaf."

basic plot known to man; indexed, annotated, and with appendix of type-characters listed by occupation plus brief physical description. Give you an example: scientists. Two types: white-haired, kindly, absent-minded scientist; young, cold, steely-eyed scientist. Get the idea—invaluable! And all this for the modest sum of five bob; leather-bound edition with autographed frontispiece portrait of the author seven and a kick, carriage paid."

"I suppose I couldn't interest you in a vacuum-cleaner?" I asked, coughing at the cloud of dust that flew out as Zammit closed the covers of the book. He glanced sharply up. "That what you do for a living? No skylark?" I nodded. "D'you drink?" he said.

"When I can spare the price of a pint."

Zammit sighed and, thrusting the book under his arm, rose from behind the desk. "Come on," he said. The pub on the corner was crowded with young men in raincoats flapping open, hats tipped to the backs of their heads, hands clutching pint pots or halves of ale. They did not seem prosperous, except for a further group more hilarious than the rest and drinking brandy instead of bitter.

"Pupils all," said Zammit. "Graduated with honours. Ah, there's Sandys—just sold a story to the Dupont Drake Detective Library, sixty quid. A credit to the class." He led me to the brandy-drinking group; soon we, too, were laughing uproariously. Then suddenly Sandys held up a hand: "I've got an idea, Chief. Just came to me." The henchmen fell silent; Zammit nodded approvingly: "Carry on. Sandys is one of the Dream Subject boys," he whispered to me.

Sandys's brow, already notched with care, now became corrugated. He seemed to strain, like a medium in a trance possessed by some recalcitrant spirit; the jerky way he forced out his words accentuated the resemblance to a message being delivered from the dark beyond. "Millionaires," he said. "Multi-millionaires. Ten of 'em sitting round a table. It's a banquet. But . . . they're all dead. The whole lot

of 'em. Sitting bolt upright, stone dead."

"Shot, stabbed, or cyanide?" asked Zammit briskly.

"Frozen," said Sandys. "All of 'em. Frozen stiff." He leaned back, gulping at his glass: the control was evidently at an end.

"Good opening," said Zammit. "Catch the attention: all right. How'd they come to freeze?"

"Search me," said Sandys. "Dupont Drake'll have to find that out. Any ideas, Chief?"

"No advice outside consulting hours," said Zammit. "Come up to the Palace when they close. But tell you what, I'll give you a title. *Riddle of the Frozen Death!* That'll cost you a couple more for me and my pal here."

Further cognac was called for; at three o'clock we found ourselves outside on the pavement, the pupils milling tumultuously around us. Zammit drew me aside for a moment as we parted company on the corner by the Palace. "Here," he said, and thrust something into my hand. Stupefied with the brandy I'd drunk, I stared down at the blue cloth cover of the Plot Book. "Take it," Zammit said. "Nothing to pay. But it won't be any damn good to you. All right for these blokes—you're a different cup of tea. I can tell. Best advice I can give you: look around. Never mind made-up plots. Life: that's the ticket. Vacuum-cleaners. Good story there when you've learnt a bit more: take my tip. And now scarper quick, boy, before you get in deeper with this bunch. Best o' luck!"

"Thanks, Chief," I said. "Same to you."

On the train going back I fell into a coma and woke to find I'd overshot my station by several stops. In the subsequent confusion I left the Plot Book behind in my compartment and never, afterwards, recovered it. Therefore I have never learnt to this day how to construct a proper plot of even medium strength. On the other hand I've derived some benefit from the advice Zammit gave me; so that if this story ends abruptly and inconclusively, you must blame my mentor, not me.

J. MACLAREN-ROSS



"It looks like being the worst year on record unless we get some rain . . ."



. . . . SUN



. . . . rain, pretty soon."

2 2

"A special day-lasting powder foundation to wear with this lipstick is a 'Pink Velvet' liquid, which gives the skin a soft, worm tone . . ."—*Sunday Dispatch*
Ideal for land-girls.

HEAL THYSELF

THE public always appear surprised that doctors should fall ill, as though hearing that a policeman's house had been burgled or the fire station had gone up in flames. Doctors go sick fairly often, though they suffer differently from anyone else: they have only one disease, which presents both a *mitis* and a *gravis* form.

The *mitis* phase is characterized clinically by the usual symptoms of malaise, headache, shivering, loss of appetite, coughing, and insomnia. It usually lasts several days, while the doctor does his surgery sitting in an overcoat and wonders why he's becoming so bad-tempered. He shakes off his symptoms like a wet dog and makes a diagnosis of draughts, late nights, or over-work.

When he wakes up one morning with black shapes in front of his eyes he sneaks down to the surgery in his dressing-gown and stealthily takes his temperature. A hundred and four! This immediately ushers in the *gravis* stage of the illness. He snatches a textbook from the shelf and nervously flicks over the pages. The first disease he spots is typhoid fever. *Prostration . . . headache . . . cough . . . backache . . .* he reads, running his finger quickly along

the symptomatology. He realizes nervously he has every one of these afflictions, locks the door, and tries to feel his own spleen.

Admitting he is a desperately ill man he staggers to bed, bringing with him every medical and surgical textbook he can lay hands on. Once comfortable on the pillows he can see the problems of diagnosis more clearly. There are several more alarming diseases than typhoid to attract him, and after a while he becomes certain he is in the grip of either cholera, smallpox, or plague. He takes his pulse, inspects his tongue in his wife's hand-mirror, and carries out a careful search of his entire body-surface for spots. Finally he settles for malignant endocarditis, a diagnosis that in his finals would have had him thrown out of the examination room.

He next faces the problem of treatment. Doctors' houses are well supplied with drugs by the manufacturing chemists, who supplement their advertisements in the morning mail with transparently-wrapped packets of samples. These are always stuffed into the bathroom cabinet where old tooth-paste tubes, rusty razor blades, and worn fragments of soap accumulate. Dragging himself out of bed, he finds a bottle of bright green pills and wonders what they are. He swallows a few and rummages about until he comes across some aspirins. Several more coloured packets then attract him, and he starts mixing himself a therapeutic *hors d'œuvre*.

Doctors require different doses from the general public. The patient who goes away with a prescription marked sternly **ONE TEASPOONFUL IN AN EGG-CUPFUL OF WATER EVERY FOUR HOURS** is frightened enough to assemble spoon, egg-cup, and kitchen clock and takes the dose as precisely as starting a race. But in the profession pills are generally taken in doses of **ONE HANDFUL NOW AND THEN** (or if they are particularly small ones, **ABOUT A DOZEN**), medicine administered as **A LARGE SWIG PRETTY FREQUENTLY**, and ointments and embrocations assumedly

labelled **RUB ON VIGOROUSLY UNTIL ALARMED BY THE CONDITION OF THE SKIN**.

The doctor's wife, who has recognized for some days that he is suffering from 'flu, suggests she summon one of his colleagues. But doctors, like animals, prefer to be ill alone. He refuses to see anyone; and when she insists on telephoning a rival practitioner the consultation is usually embarrassing and unhelpful:

"Why, hello, Bill! Laid up, eh? Been taking your own prescriptions, ha ha!"

"Hello, George! Decent of you to come. Needn't bother about the old bedside manner in the trade, eh, ha ha!"

"What's the matter with you, Bill?" asks the visiting doctor.

"Well, I think I've got polyarteritis nodosa, or possibly methemoglobinemia."

"Go on!"

"Yes. What symptoms should I have?"

"Oh, sort of pains in the limbs and so on."

"That's it exactly!"

"Well, I hope you get better."

"Yes, so do I. So kind of you to come along professionally like this. Good-bye."

Doctors recover in a different way from ordinary people. A layman is told to stay in bed for an extra week, and take a fortnight at the seaside; but a doctor, after taking his temperature every half-hour for a day or so, suddenly discovers he is completely cured. He at once gets up and puts on his clothes, and either goes downstairs and takes the evening surgery or makes for the garden to catch up with his digging. As most doctors will admit, they can't afford to be ill: they're not registered as patients under the National Health Service.

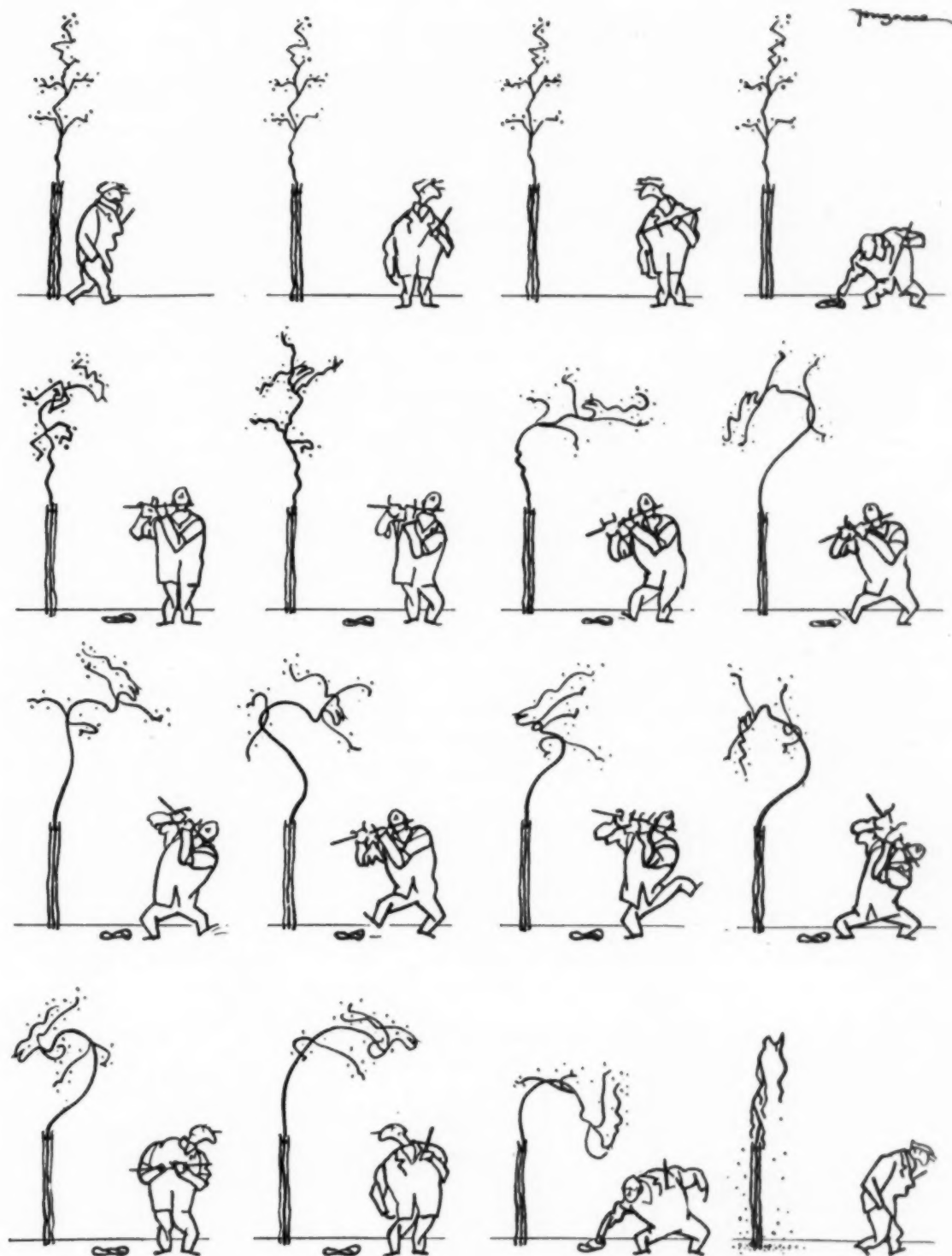
RICHARD GORDON



"Mind if I go outside while you open it?"

"Japanese Banker wishes to stay as paying guest with English family and improve English."

Advertisement in the Daily Telegraph
Unworthy English very happy for improvement by Honourable Japanese.



Orpheus with his flute . . .

THE PLEASURES OF WHITAKER

AMONG calendars big and small, some that tear off and some that click on, some with a little red window and others (now rare) revolved by the clock, nature-loving calendars and Shakespeare calendars and calendars given to nuts and wine, or nuts and bolts—among all, or rather apart from them, stands *Whitaker*.

Events and people are his love, festivals, law terms, battles, licences, royalty—but especially people. Few are the mornings, however dark, without their influence. They rise and shine, even if we don't. "Get born," they seem to be saying, if they say anything—"do as we've done, die, and perhaps one day you'll find yourself in *Whitaker*."

His year—which is ours also—opens quietly.

1. **Circumcision.** 1st Sun. after Christmas. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

2. General James Wolfe born, 1727.

3. C. R. Attlee born, 1883. J. E. Flecker died, 1915.

4. Sir Isaac Pitman (Short-hand) born, 1813.

5. Sir Humbert Wolfe born, 1885.

6. **Epiphany.** Twelfth Day. Fanny Burney died, 1840.

So far, if great moments have been few, there has been gentle insistence. We are more swayed than we think. Did Johnson's "little Fanny" really see 1840, and was Sir Isaac, with his new hieroglyphics, in time to provoke her? Or take Wednesday with its thought, "Today was born Mr. Attlee." At once

we reach for our least obtrusive suit; a keenness without zest guides our shaving; we are spry, dull, decent—until Flecker arrives. Too late now to change prose for verse, pin-stripe for, say, plum corduroy, but we manage to bundle a gorgeously coloured handkerchief into the cuff. Whitehall! Yasmin!

Except for storms on the 22nd (Byron and Strindberg born), January is mild, with one day such as only *Whitaker* brings:

8. Plow Monday. Ada Rehan died, 1916.

What kind of a Monday is that? And who's she? One can't know both, yet see how two hemispheres are brought together. Instinct—and *Whitaker's* art—make it certain that the lady belongs to musical comedy; gone, alas, but on Plow Monday returning. The month ends with (on the 27th), a most exquisite conjunction of Mozart born and Verdi dead.

Still under their influence, perhaps, February plumps in with:

Dame Clara Butt born.

All those weeks are memorable:

Feb. 1. Dame Clara Butt born.

2. **Purification.** Candlemas. James Joyce born.

9. Darnley died.

10. Queen Victoria married.

16. Ember Day. Li Hung Chang born.

19. Maurus Jokai born.

Far breezes, strange influences are stirring. March brings gales, quickly subsided.

Mar. 14. "Timeless" Test Match abandoned, 1939.

15. German troops occupied Prague, 1939.

16. W. M. Surtees (Jorrock) died, 1864.

Gloriously uncertain is April:

Apr. 6. Danton died. Victor Gollancz born,

and

20. A. Hitler, born 1889.

(Summer Time begins 2 a.m., 21st) but to close with the tender regrets of

28. Nellie Farren died, 1904—footlights again, of course.

Then May is the fair, fresh time one might expect, though there's no mistaking the nip in the air on the 27th:

John Calvin died, 1564. Mrs. Bloomer born, 1818.

More than time separates them, yet they are one.

Through the high summer of June-July one loses count of the hours and days, so that not even *Whitaker* can distinguish them.

August brings rains, and from the brimming butts and flooded pitches comes, on the 20th, "Mosquito Day (1897). Gino Watkins died, 1932."

But September—what cataclysms, what catastrophes!—reassurance must be far sought:

Sept. 1. 15th Sun. after **Trin.** Germany invaded Poland, 1939.

2. Fire of London, 1666. G. R. Sims born, 1847.

3. Gt. Britain and France at war with Germany, 1939.

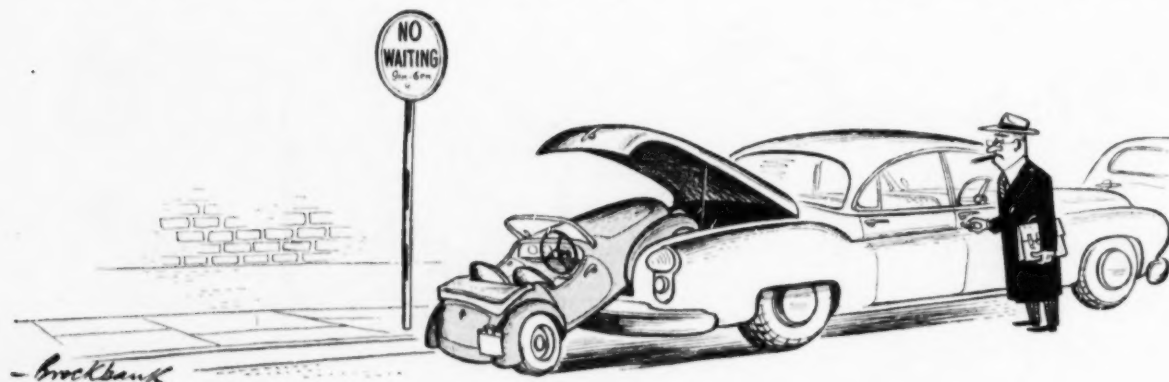
4. French Republic proclaimed, 1870.

5. Malta captured, 1800. Victorien Sardou born, 1831.

6. The Marne, 1914. Sir Walford Davies born, 1869.

7. Thomas Coutts (Banker) born, 1735.

October might pass us by but



for a single day which is pure *Whitaker*:

Oct. 7. Bidasson, 1813. Sir Henry Taschereau born, 1836.

The autumn seems favourable to pairing days. We have Madame de Maintenon and Sir William Orpen together, and Picasso and W. G. Grace. Neither perhaps quite achieves the thrilling consonance of Agincourt and Balaclava, but there's a felicity in

J. B. Hobbs born, 1882. Noël Coward born, 1899.

Here a problem arises. The two exactly fill their line; not a word, not a letter may be added. With J. B. Hobbs now Sir Jack Hobbs, what will happen to Mr. Coward?

Whitaker teaches us that if people, well-known people, are born, they also die. There are vacancies—two splendid ones, on June 15 with "Magna Carta Sealed" and on Oct. 30 with "Joanna Southcott died"; though some might prefer to share with Samuel Smiles or Freud.

The year ends nobly. To the blustering ring of

Dec. 26. St. Stephen. Boxing Day. Dog Muzzling Order, 1890—a most expressive line—there succeeds the elegiac beauty of

Dec. 31. Skating on Thames at Windsor, 1890, than which no poet could have devised a more fitting conclusion.

Like many highly-allusive works it can boast far more pages of annotation than text, as apparent right ascension and declension of planets, high and low tides, phases of the moon, civil and nautical twilights, and what not else of Zodiacal and commercial interest. There are such footnotes as "Turkish National Holiday," "Borough Councillors to be Nominated" and the pure lilt of "Dividends Due": rejected lines which might well have graced the text.

My copy is dated 1940. Whether more recent editions improve or not on this text I don't know, but it has grown so familiar I couldn't bear one word altered. I cherish also his *Principal British and Irish Societies and Institutions* in a lighter vein.

These are pure pleasure. *Whitaker* has his uses, no doubt, too, on Precedence or the American gallon.

G. W. STONIER



"My husband and I can't grumble really because we won our holiday in a newspaper competition."

HUXLEY HALL

IN the Garden City Café with the murals on the wall
Before a talk on "Sex and Civics" I meditated on the Fall.

Deep depression settled on me under that electric glare
While outside the lightsome poplars flanked the rose-beds in the square,

While outside the carefree children sported in the summer haze
And released their inhibitions in a hundred different ways.

She who eats her greasy crumpets snugly in the ingle nook
Of some birch-enshrouded homestead, dropping butter on her book,

Can she know the deep depression of this bright, hygienic hill?
And her husband, stout free-thinker, can he share in it as well?

Not the folk museum's charting of man's Progress out of slime
Can release me from the painful seeming accident of Time.

As Barry smashes Shirley's dolly, Shirley's eyes are crossed with hate,
And Comrades plot a Comrade's downfall "in the interests of the State."

Not my vegetarian dinner, not my lime-juice minus gin
Quite can drown a faint conviction that we may be born in Sin.

JOHN BETJEMAN

Light Music Seriously

HOW THE NUMBERS CAME

I COULD not help composing tunes even if I wished to. Ever since I was a little boy they have dropped into my mind unbidden and often in the most unlikely circumstances. The *Bitter Sweet* waltz, "I'll See You Again," came to me whole and complete in a taxi when I was appearing in New York in *This Year of Grace*. I was on my way home to my apartment after a matinee and had planned, as usual, to have an hour's rest and a light dinner before the evening performance. My taxi got stuck in a traffic block on the corner of Broadway and Seventh Avenue, klaxons were honking, cops were shouting, and suddenly in the general din there was the melody, clear and unmistakable. By the time I got home the words of the first phrase had emerged. I played it over and over again on the piano (key of E flat as usual) and tried to rest, but I was too excited to sleep.

Oddly enough, one of the few songs I ever wrote that came to me in a setting appropriate to its content was "Mad Dogs and Englishmen." This was conceived and executed during a two-thousand-mile car drive from Hanoi in Tonkin to the Siamese border. True, the only white people to be seen were French, but one can't have everything.

The birth of "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" was even more surprising. I was working on *Conversation Piece* at Goldenhurst, my home in Kent. I had completed some odd musical phrases here and there but no main waltz theme, and I was firmly and miserably stuck. I had sat at the piano daily for hours, repeatedly trying to hammer out an original tune or even an arresting first phrase, and nothing had resulted from my concentrated efforts but banality. I knew that I could never complete the score without my main theme as a pivot and finally, after ten days' increasing

despair, I decided to give up and, rather than go on flogging myself any further, postpone the whole project for at least six months.

This would entail telegraphing to Yvonne Printemps, who was in Paris waiting eagerly for news, and telling Cochran who had already announced the forthcoming production in the Press. I felt fairly wretched but at least relieved that I had had the sense to admit failure while there was still time. I poured myself a large whisky and soda, dined in grey solitude, poured myself another, even larger, whisky and soda, and sat gloomily envisaging everybody's disappointment and facing the fact

*Composition on Broadway*

that my talent had withered and that I should never write any more music until the day I died. The whisky did little to banish my gloom, but there was no more work to be done and I didn't care if I became fried as a coot, so I gave myself another drink and decided to go to bed. I switched off the lights at the door and noticed that there was one lamp left on by the piano. I walked automatically to turn it off, sat down and played "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" straight through in G flat, a key I had never played in before.

There is, to me, strange magic in such occurrences. I am willing and delighted to accept praise for my

application, for my self-discipline and for my grim determination to finish a thing once I have started it. My acquired knowledge is praiseworthy too, for I have worked hard all my life to perfect the material at my disposal. But these qualities, admirable as they undoubtedly are, are merely accessories. The essential talent is what matters, and essential talent is unexplainable.

My mother and father were both musical in a light, amateur sense, but their gift was in no way remarkable. My father, although he could improvise agreeably at the piano, never composed a set piece of music in his life. I have known many people who were tone-deaf whose parents were far more actively musical than mine. I had no piano lessons when I was a little boy except occasionally from my mother who tried once or twice, with singular lack of success, to teach me my notes. I could, however, from the age of about seven onwards, play on the piano in the pitch dark any tune I had heard. To this day my piano-playing is limited to three keys: E flat, B flat and A flat. The sight of two sharps frightens me to death.

When I am in the process of composing anything in the least complicated I can play it in any key on the keyboard, but I can seldom if

*"Dear George Gershwin used to moan . . . and try to force my fingers on to the right notes . . ."*



ever repeat these changes afterwards unless I practise them assiduously every day. In E flat I can give the impression of playing well. A flat and B flat I can get away with, but if I have to play anything for the first time it is always to my beloved E flat that my fingers move automatically. Oddly enough, C major, the key most favoured by the inept, leaves me cold. It is supposed to be easier to play in than any of the others because it has no black notes, but I have always found it dull.

Another of my serious piano-playing defects is my left hand. Dear George Gershwin used to moan at me in genuine distress and try to force my fingers on to the right notes. As a matter of fact he showed me a few tricks that I can still do, but they are few and dreadfully far between. I can firmly but not boastfully claim that I am a better pianist than Irving Berlin, but as that superlative genius of light music is well known not to be able to play at all

except in C major, I will not press the point. Jerome D. Kern, to my mind one of the most inspired romantic composers of all, played woodenly as a rule and without much mobility. Dick Rodgers plays his own music best when he is accompanying himself or someone else, but he is far from outstanding. Vincent Youmans was a marvellous pianist, almost as brilliant as Gershwin, but these are the only two I can think of who, apart from their creative talent, could really play.

At the very beginning I said that I was born into a generation that took light music seriously. It was fortunate for me that I was, because by the time I had emerged from my teens the taste of the era had changed. In my early twenties and thirties it was from America that I gained my greatest impetus. In New York they have always taken light music seriously. There it is, as it should be, saluted as a specialized form of creative art, and is secure in its own

right. The basis of a successful American musical show is now and has been for many years its music and its lyrics. Here in England there are few to write the music and fewer still to recognize it when it is written. The commercial managers have to fill their vast theatres and prefer, naturally enough, to gamble on acknowledged Broadway successes rather than questionable home products.

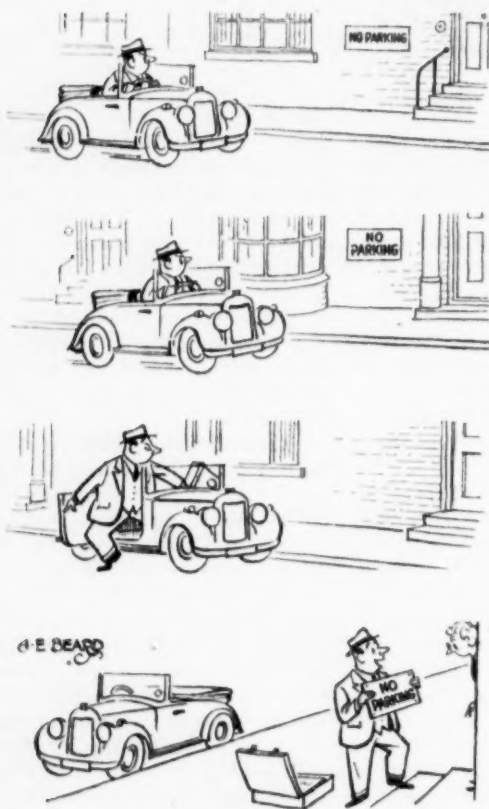
The critics are quite incapable of distinguishing between good light music and bad light music, and the public are so saturated with the cheaper outpourings of Tin Pan Alley which are dinned into their ears interminably by the B.B.C. that their natural taste will soon die a horribly unnatural death. It is a depressing thought; but perhaps some day soon, someone, somewhere, will appear with an English musical so strong in native quality that it will succeed in spite of the odds stacked against it. NOËL COWARD

Young Riley to the Dark Tower Came

I SAY now, as I said then, that to report a cricket match in plain ordinary English is not only dull but entirely opposed to the trend of the time. True it was for the parish magazine, and the intelligence of some of our subscribers is limited. But it was a great occasion. There is no match in the year of so much importance to Barley Plantagenet as the game against Much Bellowing. There never has been. When the vicar complained of my first draft and said that Miss Carbang wouldn't understand a word of it, I simply said "Why didn't you ask somebody else to write it? Why not the organist? Why not Major Burleigh? He is a sidesman and I know he has a fluent pen." I did alter a few words, but not much, before it was printed, and after all, very few readers failed to come to the annual bazaar. What I wrote originally was this:

"Of what, we wonder, was he thinking, young Syd Riley, as he left his wooden bench, a willow in his hand, and trod the sunlit sward to the measured chain of Destiny? Did every dog-rose in the hayfield hedge shine bright to him as the polar star? Was every girdling elm an Ygdrasil? To us at least he stood upon a precipice of Time, the breakers roaring at his feet, the spindrift

* Questioned on this point at The Bull he replied "No."



about his eyes and ears. We saw him take middle, and trembled. Even the church clock seemed to hesitate, the cattle in the ten-acre ceased for a moment to chew the cud. All now was to do and dare. He knew well what sad five ciphers had been hoisted on the sable tabard before he took his stand, took it to face those wild Valkyries from the pig-sty end.

"Joe Porlock stamped his long path back, each plimsoll pregnant with doom. The first cyclone passed. Young Syd had flicked, and flicked in vain. The second. Full blade met leather. Irresistible clashed with indomitable. Indomitable prevailed. Plaudits shook the tea urn, shouts frightened the jackdaws, sent them circling above the spire. Long was the hunt in the grasses before the dread missile was returned to Apollyon's hand. Another meteorite. The falchion flashed again. Again the crack of triumph, the scorched earth felt the whizzing contact, far afield. And yet again. And yet once more. Grew confidence as ten was lifted to the board, as twenty, as thirty, and the ravaged welkin was torn with palm-made thunder.

"Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos grew busy. The web of doom for Much Bellowing was a-weave. Drops fell from baffled brows as her strong yeomen toiled in vain. Faces empurpled as new tornadoes were tried. Nor dexter, nor sinister subtlety achieved its end; the mesh of weary hands was too wide to seize the flashing prey.

"And young Syd, what of him? Casabianca surely, for neither Mugley nor the Curate stayed but to help him for a few brief minutes of his blazing Avatar; say Horatius rather, for surely returning to the Pavilion they had felt behind them the fatal timbers crack. 'Twas fifty-nine. Much Bellowing had totalled sixty-one. Expectancy was agony. The doves were silent in the elms. Apprehension dared not breathe. 'Twas Tubwell now, our postman, last man in, and no champion for so stern a joust. But he dreed the last ball's weird.

"And now, and now again, young Syd. Be bold. Be staunch, young Syd. All hangs on you. He proved it. Well went his scythe arm as he mowed, and struck the boding sphere. High arched it soared and glittered heavenward, and fell. But where? It is. It has. Full in the middle of the duck pond's welcoming wave; and methought a white arm rose from the water, seized it, and held it a moment before it plunged again. The mort, at least for Much Bellowing, was blown."

That was all. Anyone who wants more detail about the match has merely to look at the score book. And this, at least, I can say. It was read aloud to Young Syd's mother (she is not very good at following print), and she was simply delighted. EVOE

"Required for Doctor, wife, 2½-year-old child and nannie, small house in Kent or Sussex."

Advertisement in the Daily Telegraph

All on one prescription?



Punch, August 17, 1922

Hilaire Belloc (b. July 27, 1870, d. July 16, 1955)

MASTER of words, pillar of faith, and fun,
Singer and sage, ten mighty men in one—
For who was everywhere so much at home,
The House of Commons, or the Path to Rome,
The Bad Child's Nursery, the *Nona's* wheel,
The solemn lecture, or the merry meal?
Who else diluted, by a lovely chance,
The brain of Balliol with the blood of France;

And understood all mortals worth remark
From Mr. Clutterbuck to Joan of Arc?
Count up the books, and something new is
shown,
A man who wrote a library alone.
We lesser scribes salute you with a sigh,
And many more will read you till they die.
A. P. H.

Haphazard Expedition

CORUMBÀ, MATO GROSSO
THERE are seven general stores in Corumbà, five bars, a travel agency and a fetid little cinema. One evening, during the showing of the primitive advertisements which preceded the feature film (British, *circa* 1936, Madeleine Carroll), a well-fed cockroach—Wellsian when projected on the screen—scuttled across a slide purporting to show the interior of Pedro's commodious bar, peered over the other edge, and then turned and ambled back again.

Nothing else whatever disturbed the horror of the five days we were marooned in Corumbà asking, threatening and finally pleading for an air passage from Puerto Suarez, which lies in the jungle just across the Bolivian frontier, to La Paz, or in the last resort to practically anywhere. The few expressions of which the travel agent's evil face was capable were presently as



familiar as the back of our hand. Was he not our gaoler?

Our hopes were dashed or sustained morning and evening according to this man's mood and whim. To-morrow, he said, possibly—who knows? But to-morrow, when it came, was as bleak as yesterday: the telephone line to Puerto Suarez had collapsed in the rains and had been stolen. The telegraphist had gone off on a fishing expedition and had been severely bitten by a snake. There was another revolution in Bolivia and all the 'planes had been commandeered by the Bolivian Government. Till at last no words were necessary. A sad, gentle shake of the head sufficed, and a smile soft with pity.

Nothing freezes in Corumbà where the walls run wet and the temperature is round about 100° at mid-day, but when of a sudden we understood the truly sinister nature of the agent's compassion, when we realized that the man was not merely uninterested in our escape but in fact was anxious to lay the foundations of lasting friendship, we experienced a slight chilling of the bowels and a touch of panic.

By force of circumstance, then, we came to know Corumbà and the surrounding country quite well. The Portuguese founded it on the banks of the Paraguay river roughly in the middle of the largest swamp in the world: the Pantanal. On such dry land as offers are the fazendas of the

cattle-breeders, the largest of which, incidentally British-owned, is run by one of the only two Englishmen living in the Mato Grosso, with the possible exception of Colonel Fawcett.

They breed Zebu, the great white cattle of India, which were imported here when the Tucura, a race something akin to the Texas Longhorn, failed. Only the Zebu can stand the climate, only the Zebu can survive snake bite, poor pasture, foot-and-mouth, mastitis; only the Zebu can travel the thousand-mile overland drives to the fattening camps of São Paulo.

By comparison with these immense treks the opening up of the Wild West, as we know it from the horse operas of Hollywood, was a relatively tame affair. There are no roads, no maps. The rivers are infested with alligator and electric eel and sting-ray and the dreaded *piranha*, to whose frightful voracity at least one cow must be sacrificed at each crossing so that the rest of the herd can be hustled across in safety. The sierra abounds with jaguar and snake and wild boar; there is also a good chance of malaria or yellow fever. Of the dozen or so men who set off with each herd, usually not more than four or five reach São Paulo on their horses, if at all.

East of Corumbà, along the only railway serving the whole of the interior of Brazil, is Campo Grande, a cattle town in which the peons and cattle men carry guns openly, and often use them: there is a steady average of three killings a week in Campo Grande, none of which is solved, since the police act only if they are handsomely paid to do so. Nobody pays them to act, however, as such requests get about and are regarded as extremely uncivil.

To the north of Corumbà there is a village called Diamantino, from which come better diamonds than are found in South Africa. Lonely prospectors, who ask each other no questions, sling their hammocks between the stunted trees of the sierra and dig in the burning sun. The dealers, when whistled up, climb



"More fool you."



the hill from the village to buy. Everybody makes money from the diamonds but the men who mine them, who are pinned to the harsh red earth by their indebtedness to the dealers who have staked them—which is to say, have lent them money for their food and tackle.

Now and then the dealers come into Corumbã, neat and dark and smiling and mid-European, to mingle with the idlers in the shade of the coffee bar. One of them of our acquaintance was for twelve years a practising psycho-analyst in London—a piquant thought.

And beyond Diamantino, to the north and east, lies the Amazonian jungle, inhabited by the Chervantes and Kalapalos and other Indian tribes, who still shoot poisoned arrows on sight. We forbore to penetrate this area to any extent, on the principle that there are sounder ways of contributing to English letters than by setting up as the reason for an expedition, though the dangers attaching to such outings seem to have diminished of late: the Indians have got a little bored with people looking for Colonel Fawcett

and his family—another expedition is planned for next year—and give their attention to missionaries instead, with a preference for American Baptists, of whom the supply in these parts is plentiful and apparently inexhaustible.

(We have met a number of these extremely earnest young men—one of whom bore the altogether fascinating name of Clinkscale—and one somewhat more mature, who, asked whether he had done any good in his fifteen years in the Mato Grosso, answered crisply: "Not the slightest." There is a proposal among the Brazilians, which is finding favour just now, to equip and dispatch one or two heathen missionaries to the United States to level things up a bit).

So, accompanied by Miss McNeil, an American geologist who is also a qualified pilot, a qualified librarian and a champion archer, but whose courage is unqualified, we sailed up and down the Paraguay river in a dug-out canoe and potted at alligators in the reeds. We watched the fishermen catching *piranha* by the thousand. We were plagued by

mosquitos, flies, heat, humidity and despair. We had frequent recourse to the medicine chest, though in truth nothing worse has happened on this journey than the loss of a shirt to a gibbon in Brazil, some loss of blood to a parrot in Bolivia, and the appalling cold we caught in the unheated tumbrel supplied by British Railways for the run from St. Pancras to Tilbury.

The truth remains, however, that if we had not hired a car and driven through the jungle to Puerto Suarez on the off-chance, to find the 'plane half empty, we would be there still, in Corumbã, rotting away in the sun and the moisture, reading the works of Mr. Waugh aloud night after night to the manager of a travel agency.

HOWARD CLEWES

2 2

"Hansel and Gretel" deals with this lovely underworld of child life, and Humperdinck's music paints faithfully and well the simplicity and charm of the child mind. This is the only work of Humperdinck's to survive. We may well be grateful for it."

South African wireless programme

It can't be as bad as that.

Quatorze Juillet : Town and Country



THE French Revolution has had some unforeseen effects. It has, for one thing, provided the French Upper Classes, who love parties, with the perennial excuse for giving another. Each Fourteenth of July they now celebrate, with lavish entertainment, the burning of the Bastille, the guillotining of their ancestors—and the happy accident of their own survival.

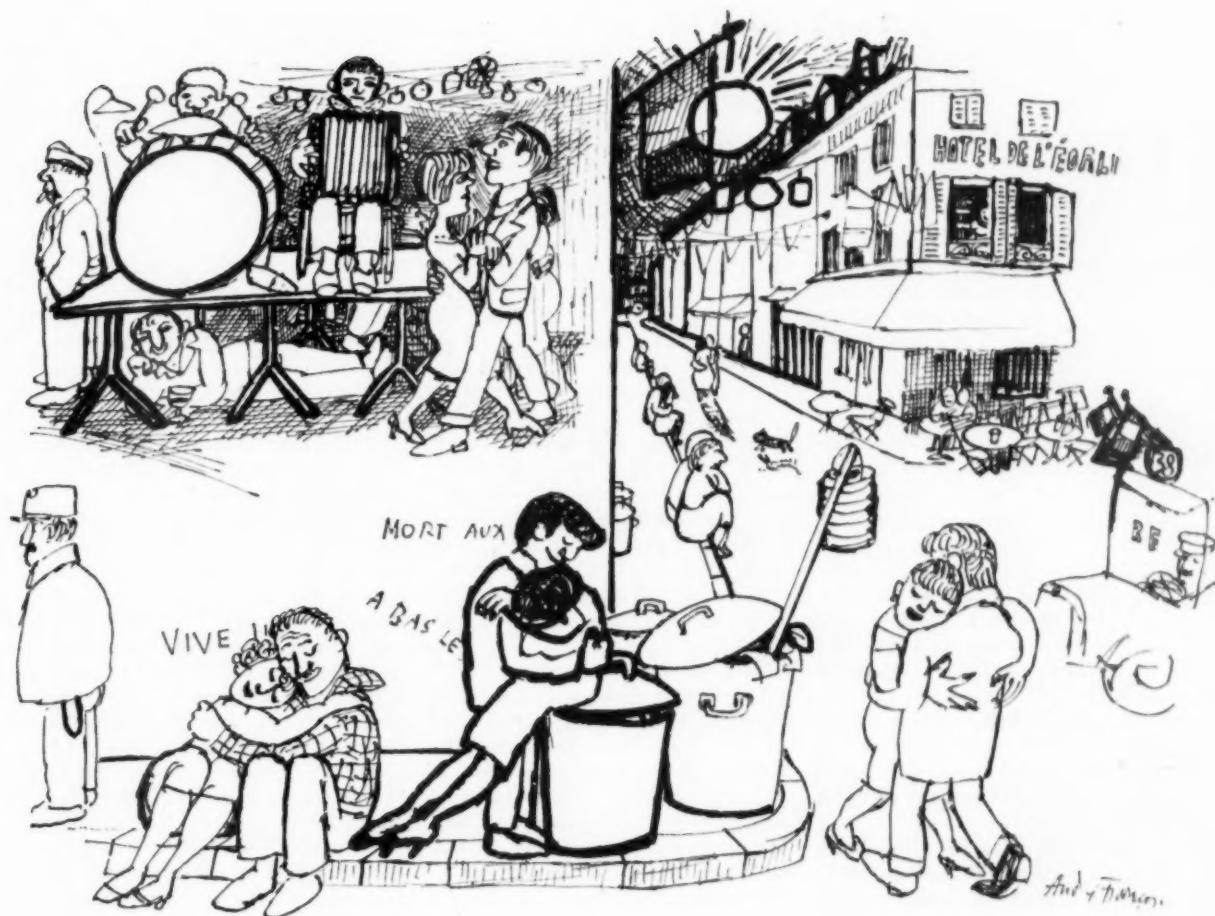
At the *château* it was a week-end party. It is the present fashion among Frenchmen to seem more English than the English, to engage in *le sport*, wear country clothes, and even occasionally visit the country. Since they are a serious race, who do everything thoroughly, the English guest must mind his step, lest he seem less English than the French. Appearing, on this occasion, in a suit, he was regarded superciliously by French fellow-guests, correctly dressed in tweed jacket and grey flannel trousers.

It was already midday. For the French, having reached the country and dressed accordingly, remain in their bedrooms, reading finely-bound volumes, and only venture out into the flowerless garden for a minute or two before meals. Thus the English

guest, lest he again offend convention, slunk off surreptitiously on his country walk, and on returning hurriedly changed his wet shoes and pretended that he had just risen from a siesta.

Here, fifty miles from Paris, he found himself in a landscape intensively cultivated and entirely deserted. Wild strawberries rampaged over the empty, well-kept woods, and wild bears or wolves, or so it seemed, might at any moment leap alarmingly from the undergrowth.

Meanwhile, up at the *château*, serfs were preparing for the Republican festivities of their lady and mistress: entwining ivy around an archway, emblazoning the walls with the red-white-and-blue of the revolutionary flag, encasing meats in



glaciers of aspic, disembowelling geese with distended livers.

Among the fashionable French, in this respect less English than the English, the motto of the moment is "Vive l'Ecosse!" Thus the walls were painted with Scottish scenes in the Continental manner: a Romantic landscape of mountains harbouring chamois, a suspension bridge crossing an imaginary Forth, a Rhineland castle masquerading as Edinburgh. Here a voguish Queen Victoria sat picnicking amid the crimson heather, attended by Highland stalwarts in feminine skirts, surrounded by subjects who danced and played curious pipes like puppets in a tartan ballet.

The Lady of the Manor, English by origin and thus a trifle less French than the French, paid a call on the Mayor—surreptitiously, since he was

a man of the People. Her bounty consisted not of a cup of soup but of a bottle of *Pol Roger* champagne, which he accepted gratefully, remarking only that he always preferred *Veuve Clicquot*.

The hour of the banquet drew near. The first guest to arrive was the representative of the Republic, the *Sous-Préfet* of the department. He spoke without rancour of the fact that the British had made off with all its weaving machinery at the time of the Hundred Years' War. Had this regrettable conflict ended otherwise Queen Elizabeth the Second might now, who knew, be Queen not only of England but of France. What a Queen she was! He and *Madame la Sous-Préfète* had watched her Coronation on the television for seven hours on end.

Princes of reigning and exiled houses joined with the Parisian *élite* in the revels which followed, while an accordionist from the neighbourhood of the *Place de la Bastille* played revolutionary airs, and at midnight the tower was floodlit red.

In the village by the gates of the *château* the People enjoyed their own simple revels, undisturbed, processing with trumpets and coloured lanterns, dancing with French decorum in the village square, and exclaiming with wonder at the beauty of the bursting squibs.

But nearby, amid the tattered brocades of a fifteenth century *château*, an aged *Marquis* and *Marquise* sat silent behind drawn blinds, mourning the *ancien régime* in the defiant solitude of eternal exile.

KINROSS

BEACH SENSE

Summer holidays are upon us, and "Women's Fun" presents a Special Holiday Feature, expressly written by our Glamour Editress, Mrs. Drummond of Walthamstow

HERE are two lucky girls! Both ready for their first informal beach party. But oh, what a difference!

Julie, on the left, looks happy enough, doesn't she? Eager to show herself off. The taxi can't come soon enough for Julie. But surely there is something wrong? Of course there is! Can you spot it?

Look at Pauline, on the right, and you'll begin to see. Pauline seems poised, sure of herself, ready for anything. Now contrast her with Julie, and you'll get the idea. *Somebody hasn't been reading her "Woman's Fun"!*

Oh, Julie, you should be ashamed of yourself! All your weight on one foot! And sucking the end of your glove! *That's* no way to wait for the taxi to take you to your first informal beach party! See how proudly Pauline stands, with one hand lightly on her hip, and the other resting on top of the scarlet bookcase. *That's* poise. You see it in all the smartest places nowadays.

And Julie, your face! We know what a rush it can be, getting ready for one's first informal beach party. But another few seconds spent at your mirror, and you could easily

have had *two* eyebrows. You look odd, dear. And those lumps of damp hair straggling out from under your hat! Little things like that *stamp* a girl at her first informal beach party. Pauline would have lent you her dryer, I'm sure.

After all, this is an occasion, isn't it? Pauline has sensed it. You can tell by a glance at her. Look at those nylons, without a crease or wrinkle, in the very latest shade! Surely preferable to Julie's old brown ankle-socks, falling over the tops of her shoes! A detail, perhaps—but people notice such details—especially at informal beach parties. And those cracked brogues, with bits of grass sticking out of the soles! Really, Julie! I'm sure you could have found something a little more suitable to wear with that fawn corduroy frock! What about bootees, with dear little fur tops? Or some of those amusing *sabots* which seem to have disappeared from the shops nowadays?

And Julie, let me whisper. You've been biting your nails again. Try to break yourself of the habit once and for all. Say to yourself "I won't bite my nails." You'll be surprised how effective that can be. After all, we don't want to draw

attention to our hands, do we? Yes—you'd better keep your gloves on.

See how negligently Pauline carries that ranch-mink wrap over her shoulders. Why doesn't Julie do that with her boa, instead of winding it round and round her neck? Use a little *ingenuity*, Julie. And what *have* you got in that top pocket? Smelling-salts? Oh, Julie! Not at your first informal beach party!

And need you really carry that attaché-case, with your initials scratched on the lid? If you *must* take your mack or a few sandwiches, why not put them in a matching handbag like Pauline's? Hardly anyone carries an attaché-case these days. And certainly not with a piece of skipping rope for a handle.

Julie, are you sure you washed your face? Thoroughly, I mean? See what a lovely matt finish Pauline has. It's no good rubbing foundation cream into your skin until you've scraped off the crumbs, and bits of jam, and so on. I thought I had made that quite clear in last month's Beauty Corner. Do try to remember for next time, won't you? These little things may seem trivial to you, but they do count, especially on the beach.

Don't tell me Julie's going to take that dreadful old dog with her? Oh, no, Julie—never! Pauline's miniature poodle is a different matter. He looks so gay—so *right*, somehow. But it would never do to go lumbering down the shingle with an *Airedale* in your arms. *Airedales* have no poise at all. They *splash* people.

The whole secret is, Julie, you must try to make the *best* of yourself. Like Pauline. Hold your shoulders back. Close your mouth, dear. Don't keep *laughing* all the time. Mend that tear in your sleeve—we can see your vest. And do you *have* to wear those steel-rimmed spectacles? Yes—all right—I see you do. Put them on again, but try to get them *straight*.

And remember, Julie—one last word. Even if you *do* enjoy yourself, don't let anyone *know*. With a little practice you should be able to empty a bucket of wet sand all over Pauline's hair and *still* look as miserable as sin.

ALEX ATKINSON





Where is the Chief Mulch Conservation Superintendent?

AN empty seat at the opera was the first sign of trouble in Russia's Ministry of Internal Affairs—the department later said to have put the Beria in Siberia. Only after its dramatic sequel was the incident's significance recognized. It has served the purpose, however, of sharpening the perceptions of political observers elsewhere.

Is all well within our own Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries? Serious doubts are felt in some well-informed quarters.

Consider the facts.

When seats for the first night of *Chu Chin Chow on Ice* were sent, as usual, to selected Government addresses, the proper number went to the Ministry's headquarters at Whitehall Court. When the performance began, were all those seats taken? They were not. The Minister was there, with the Permanent Secretary, the Chief Veterinary Officer of the Animal Health Division, the Assistant Secretaries of the Crops and Feeding-stuffs Division, of Economics and Statistics, of Education and Advisory Services, of Establishments and Organization, of

Fertilizers and Seeds, Finance and Accounts, Infestation Control, Horticulture and Poultry, Agricultural Wages, Land Drainage and Water Supply—all were there; as were the Chief Advisory Officers for Farm Machinery, Farm Management, Milk Production and Plant Pathology. But, as the party bowed in acknowledgment of the ovation and took its seats, it was seen that one seat was empty. Mr. W. J. Outwater, Chief Mulch Conservation Superintendent, was not there.

Why?

"No comment," was Sir Thomas Dugdale's reply to a question from our diplomatic correspondent during the interval. One of the eight under-secretaries present declined to talk at all. One of the two deputy-secretaries' two private secretaries said that Mr. Outwater was not under her jurisdiction and left it at that.

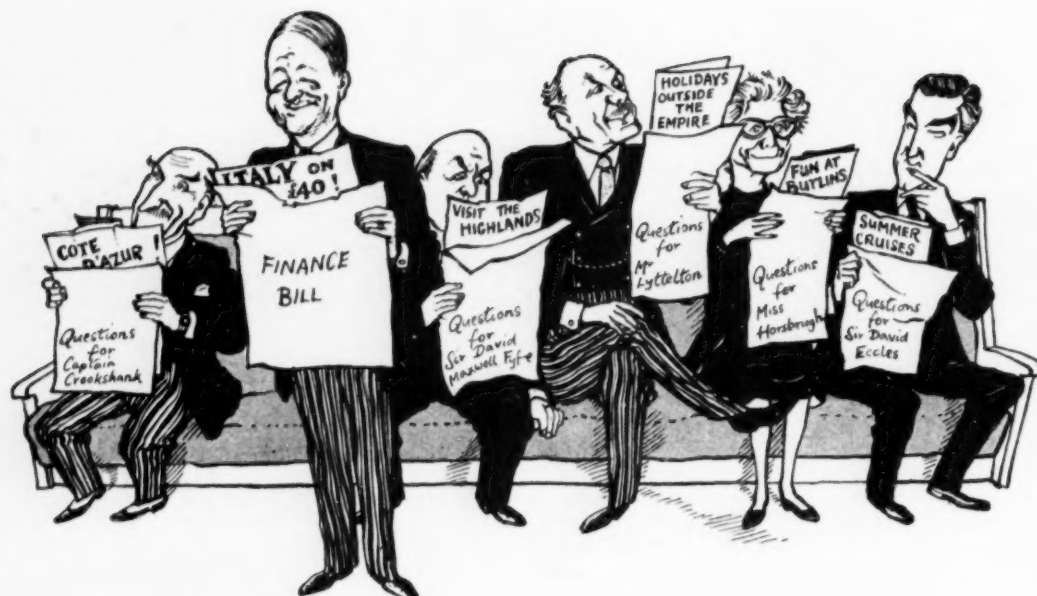
Reliable political sources recall a departmental disagreement, recently hushed up after a promising leakage, between the Chief Machinery Inspector and the principal of the Potato Genetics Station at

Cambridge. This concerned the longevity statistics of potato-fed cows allergic to electric milking machinery, and is only relevant to the present inquiry in that it is known that Outwater strongly supported the Potato Genetics Station, while Sir Thomas backed the C.M.I. It seems likely that a full-scale split has since developed in the Ministry and that Sir Thomas, interpreting Outwater's attitude as a bid for power, has taken steps accordingly.

It is too early to be certain. But Outwater has been a notable absentee from the Ministerial parties at the first nights of *The Bespoke Overcoat* and *The Bad Samaritan*, also Salisbury Sheep Fair, the opening of the tunny fishing season at Scarborough and the Veteran Car Rally at Weston-super-Mare.

If he fails to appear in the Ministry's launch for to-day's royal river pageant, and if, further, he is absent from to-morrow's crowds at Headingley, it seems reasonable to expect early and startling revolutions in the Government's agricultural policy.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, July 13

Mr. BUTLER wore to-day that half-delighted, half-sad expression parents are supposed (in fiction, at any rate) to

House of Commons:
Finance Bill Passes

assume when their sons leave school and go out into the world. For the time had come for Master Finance Bill, after a gruelling "medical" conducted by the entire House of Commons and lasting some three months, to make his own way. True, he has to pass the scrutiny of the House of Lords, but Parliament Act rules make that a formality, and in a month's time at latest it is the cold, cold world for Little Bill (who will, by then, have become Big Act).

The Chancellor seemed to be in optimistic mood, and explained that industrial production was being maintained, although there was still some anxiety about the volume of exports.

There were the usual tearful (some crocodile-tearful) headshakings from critics of the "You'll-never-rear-him" type. Mr. MITCHISON, for instance, who thought the Chancellor ought to have raised the limit of income tax exemption instead of cutting the standard rate, or Mr. HOUGHTON, who thought the

preventives against avoidance of tax were not strong enough. Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, on the other hand, was brave enough to say that any income tax over 7s. or 7s. 6d. in the £ was "much too high" and that taxation which took 19s. 6d. in the £ from the rich was "crazy."

"Inconsistent bringing up, that's what it is," snapped Uncle HUGH GAITSKELL from across the Table. "Here you are, exempting cricket from entertainments tax, and leaving football to bear it still! And table-tennis tournaments have to pay the tax too! Shocking!"

But Mr. BUTLER said he "understood" cricket was being played with greater energy and skill than ever since the tax came off. (He gave, incidentally, a glimpse of the inner workings of High Politics by saying that he had learned to stand up better to the Opposition bowling by watching Watson recently at the Lord's wicket.) Statements about tax-evasion he regarded as "rather wild."

Then, becoming once more the proud father, he said that if the national income continued to grow we should be able to support the great rearmament programme and our social services. But that—he

put his hand paternally on the youngster's head—that meant hard work and constant application. But he had no doubt, etc. And so Bill passed into manhood—without so much as a division.

Before all this had happened, Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, the Fuel Minister, had announced that coal is to be *imported* this winter from Western Europe—so as to enable us to keep up our own *exports* of coal! From the nervous manner in which Mr. LLOYD made the announcement it looked as if he expected something of a storm, but so used have Members become to such strange things happening in our famous struggle for economic survival and all that, that nobody made much comment. Mr. LLOYD audibly sighed his relief.

Their Lordships were considering, in Committee, the Central African Federation Bill.

Tuesday, July 14

When it was announced last week that two days were to be given this week to a discussion of Scottish affairs, a Scots Member brightly suggested that to save the English Members unnecessary exertion (since they do

House of Commons:
Scottish Industry



not attend) the House might assemble in Edinburgh. It might as well have done so, for M.P.s for English and Welsh constituencies were few and far between, except on the Treasury Bench, where there was a remarkable cluster of Ministers, all due to take part in to-day's debate on Scottish industry or to-morrow's on Scottish affairs in general.

Scottish Members have a curious, dog-in-the-manger attitude towards the presence of English Members at Scottish debates. They complain if they are *not* there, but they complain and make disapproving noises if they *are* there and seek to speak. It seems that they should, in fact, be seen but emphatically not heard.

But the House was crowded when, at the end of Questions, Mr. ROGERS sought permission to raise as a matter of urgency the imminent execution of John Christie for the murder of his wife. This case had led to an inquiry into a possible doubt about the guilt of one Timothy Evans, who was hanged in 1950 for the murder of his infant daughter in the same house, since the two cases seemed to be interlinked. A searching inquiry into the Evans case had resulted in a long report (presented to Parliament to-day) in which the view was expressed that there was *no* doubt of the guilt of Evans.

This confirmed verdict, however, was not accepted by some of the Opposition Members, and a strong attempt was made by Mr. ROGERS, Mr. SILVERMAN and others to force a debate at once, as Christie (a possible witness) was due to be executed to-morrow morning. Mr. Speaker had no option but to enforce the somewhat macabre rule of the House that execution of the death sentence cannot be questioned in Parliament while it is pending—but only after its completion. Pressed again and again, and clearly distressed by his grim duty, Mr. Speaker said he wished he could find it in his conscience to allow the debate to take place—"but, alas! I cannot."

Silently and with a dignity it has not invariably shown on similar occasions, the House dropped the matter.

Wednesday, July 15

Mr. Speaker MORRISON, Master of Tact, delivered this classic reply to a question: "That is a highly interesting hypothetical question which I shall consider when the hypothesis becomes precipitated." How *very* much better than the old "I-must-have-notice."

And so, once more, to Scottish affairs.

Thursday, July 16

Sir WALTER MONCKTON, Minister of Labour, announced a fall in unemployment figures, but warned that there might be a rise in the autumn. But things were better, so the rise might not be serious.

Colonial affairs, including the many plans to develop industries and to grow more food, were discussed at length and the House was encouraged by the Government's sweeping proposals. For rice-growing schemes alone three million pounds had been allocated. A bottleneck in transport in Africa must be avoided, and there must be extension of railways, docks, harbours and electrical power.

A sum of five hundred million pounds is involved in present ten-year development plans for the colonial territories concerned; Mr. LYTTLETON thought it would be better to have two five-year periods.

Friday, July 17

The Commons spent the day tidying up a variety of Bills and generally making ready for the recess which looms ahead. The Whips clearly believe there can be no pleasure without pain—and what *they* say goes.

GUY EDEN



CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Rousseau Re-read

The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Translated with an introduction by J. M. Cohen. Penguin Classics, 5/-

IT happened that I read the *Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau* at a very early age, before I had the faintest idea of what the larger part of them was about. I came upon them in one of those little pockets of inexpensive "classics," flanked on one side by "Leaves of Grass" and on the other by Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy," which were often to be found in those days in lower middle-class homes. There was a woodcut of Jean-Jacques by way of frontispiece which I examined with great curiosity. Even then I sensed that the *Confessions* were in some way disreputable. The very sentences seemed somehow feverish and bathed in the unearthly light reflected in those limpid, black eyes which even the crudest portrait of Rousseau must reveal.

Subsequent fuller acquaintance with the *Confessions* and with Rousseau did not detract from their fascination. The idyll with Madame de Warens at Les Charmettes seemed to me most exquisite, and the fact that Jean-Jacques shared her favours with Anet, the valet, without undue perturbation, was, I felt, creditable to all concerned. There were, it was true, incidents such as his abandonment of M. le Maître when he had a fit in the street which scarcely sustained Rousseau's reputation for virtue, but then, I decided, the simple honesty and penitence with which he recounted what had happened surely cancelled out the original fault.

In any case, Rousseau's essential point of view was exceedingly attractive. It has, after all, captivated succeeding generations since it was first propounded in the latter part of the eighteenth century. How

delightful, especially when young, to be told that you are an inherently perfect being whose naturally benevolent impulses are only checked as a result of the imperfect circumstances in which, through no fault of your own, you find yourself. Only later did I come to see that the doctrine of original sin is more in



keeping with the facts of life than Rousseau's doctrine of original virtue.

No one, of course, reads *Emile* or the *Vicaire Savoyard* nowadays, and even the *Contrat Social*, though doubtless familiar to the vast and ever growing army of economists, is probably better known through convenient summaries than through the original forbidding text. The *Confessions*, however, continue to be read. Mr. J. M. Cohen's new translation, in the Penguin Classics, is a worthy addition to a long existing series, though for my own part I still prefer the anonymous eighteenth century translation used in the Nonesuch edition as conveying more exactly the quality of Rousseau's own delectable style.

Some of the greatest liars of history (Hitler, for instance) have prided themselves on their truthfulness, and it is interesting to speculate whether, however barefaced their deceptions, they manage to convince themselves at the time that they are speaking the truth. Subsequent investigation has shown that the *Confessions*, even more than most autobiographical writing, are a tissue of falsehood. Yet it is probable that Jean-Jacques firmly believed he was speaking the truth, and did not have his tongue in his cheek when he wrote: "Let the last trump sound when it will, I shall come forward with this work in my hand, to present before my Sovereign Judge."

The most curious of his falsehoods is his account of how Thérèse le Vasseur bore him five children, all of whom he put in a foundling hospital. "This arrangement," he writes, "seemed to me to be so good, reasonable and lawful, that if I did not publicly boast of it, the motive by which I was withheld was merely my regard for their mother." At the same time, he was insistent in his writings on the importance of the duties of motherhood. Mothers, he insisted, should breast-feed their offspring—but not Thérèse. The reasons which led him to make an exception in her case, he adds with characteristic inconsequentiality, were so compelling that he prefers not to state them—"Since they have seduced me, they would seduce many others. I will not therefore expose those young persons by whom I may be read to the same danger."

The confusion is made worse because (though Mr. Cohen does not agree) there is strong reason for supposing that, in fact, Rousseau did not have any children at all. When Mme. d'Epinay offered to adopt one of them, Rousseau became evasive, and recent efforts to identify them from still extant foundling hospital records have been unavailing. Thus we have the extraordinary situation,

that, in order to satisfy his vanity in one direction, Rousseau fabricated a discreditable episode which made complete nonsense of his teaching in another direction. The enduring fascination of the *Confessions* lies in peeling off these successive layers of deception to see what, if anything, lies beneath them.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Trial of J. G. Haigh. Edited by Lord Dunboyne. Notable British Trials Series. Hodge, 15/-

The facts of the Haigh acid bath murder are dull and repulsive. The interest is limited to the question of the murderer's sanity. The layman will gain some grim amusement from watching the Law trying to harness Medicine to the keeping of the peace and Medicine trying to instruct the Law in elementary Psychiatry. The examination and cross-examination of the medical witness for the defence is comedy at its grisliest.

Verbatim reports of trials, especially when they are prefaced by a clear recital of the facts, like this one, are compulsive reading. The tedium of the formal evidence at the beginning gives way to the fascination of the oddness and danger of life impersonally revealed. Reports also, less attractively, reveal the ugliness and inefficiency of legal prose. The extraordinary dialect used in this case, especially by the leading counsel for the defence, would have bemused the acutest jury. Among the interesting appendices is an ostentatiously statesmanlike speech that Haigh drafted on Anglo-American financial relations.

R. G. G. P.

Letters from a Bank-Parlour. W. S. Hill-Reid. With a foreword by Richard Church. Falcon Press, 9/6.

This is an interesting and valuable treatise on the theme of What Everybody Ought to Know About Money, but why Mr. Hill-Reid puts it into the form of a number of fictional letters to his son, Anthony, is less clear. The tradition of telling a story by means of letters is a venerable one, carrying us back at least to Richardson, and, though publishers have convinced themselves—rightly or wrongly—that the public does not greatly care for it, preferring the straightforward novel and disliking the excessive interruptions of the letter-form, yet there have been enough exceptions to that generalization to cast doubts upon publishers' infallibility.

But here is no story nor the beginning of a story. We are told nothing, except in the largest outline, about the Anthony and Dorabella to whom the letters are addressed, and nothing would be more surprising in the world with its habits as they are to-day than to receive one morning through the

post a long letter from uncle or parent filled entirely with a learned exposition, with quoted reference, of Company Law or the Town and Country Planning Act. Nothing is further from verisimilitude than to cast such expositions into epistolary form. We cannot see how the book is any the better for it. But on the other hand, it is perhaps none the worse, and, for those who want a handy *vade-mecum* on how careful people manage their money, here it is.

C. H.

The Man in Leather Breeches: The Life and Times of George Fox. Vernon Noble. Elek, 21/-

There was room for a fresh presentation of the career of the founder of Quakerism, and Mr. Vernon Noble has brought to the business of supplying it a happy combination of detachment and sympathy. His admiration for his hero is tempered by the realization that with his unworldliness and his astonishing singleness of purpose went a certain ruthlessness which manifested itself, for instance, in his dealings with the saintly but misguided Nayler.

For the most part he has been wisely chary of dogmatizing about one who can only be known from his own impassioned testimony and that of his fervent devotees and prejudiced detractors. He has stated the facts and left them to his readers' judgment. His treatment of the political and religious background is adequate, and his portrayal of Fox's fellow workers, notably Margaret Fell and William Penn, a good deal more than that. This is an absorbing story of ardours and endurances, devotion and cruel oppression, out of which no one, apart from the Quakers themselves, comes better than Oliver Cromwell and Charles II.

F. H.

It's Different for a Woman. Mary Jane Ward. Gollancz, 12/6

Probably the true width of the Atlantic cannot be accurately gauged from this novel by the author of *The Snake Pit*, the lives of whose suburban people are at first sight so similar to those of their British counterparts that it is a shock to find how differently they think. These emotionally adolescent housewives, alert for schizophrenia and other quirks in their children, revolve in a ferment of gynaeceological excitement, rushing to their doctors with their latest symptoms, and swapping the details of their strictly female operations with the eagerness of small boys bartering stamps.

Miss Ward is a great one for calling a spade a spade, but digging can be heavy work. And yet in spite of its brisk vulgarity, which lacks the wit to save it, this chronicle of family life has something of the steamroller power of Mrs. Dale's *Diary* to annihilate resistance. There is one character, a battered and lovable husband, whom one has to follow to the end.

E. O. D. K.

A Long View of Nothing. H. A. Manhood. Heinemann, 12/6

Some twenty years ago Mr. Manhood was one of our most interesting young short-story writers. *A Long View of Nothing* shows that his talent has dwindled to peculiarly (and unhappily) English anecdotes about "characters," antique shops and ghosts. The word *yarn*, indeed, hovers horribly around several of them. The tale of old Aunt Louisa, for instance, whose three husbands were all interested in fishing, and all met violent watery ends; the accounts of the tender feeling induced by a musical box in a girl named Thundering Molly, of the man who forged a dead writer's work, of the publican who was always going off to see circus elephants—these are all yarns that would get a good reception in the local.

Whether you blame the current editorial demand for what are technically known as "short-shorts," or whether you blame Mr. Manhood for writing to this market, it is a fact that these thirty-odd pieces are not in any serious sense short stories.

J. S.

AT THE PLAY



The Moon is Blue
(DUKE OF YORK'S)

As Long as They're Happy (GARRICK)

I FIND it a little overwhelming that the American theatre, having sent us such a large number of very strong cups of tea, should suddenly switch to the export of innocence. The tea, it is true, has often been so



liberally laced with sugar that the spoon would almost stand up in it, but the strength was undeniable. To get our bearings in this latest field of American research will take time.

The innocence now being exploited by Broadway is a twentieth century product, very different from the Victorian. There are no blushes, no swoons, no maidenly obliquity; frankness is the common coin. Yet for all that it seems to me the key, topsyturvy as you may think it, to *Guy and Dolls*, and certainly to *The Seven Year Itch*. And now we have *The Moon is Blue*, where it is worked pretty hard by Mr. F. HUGH HERBERT, and I believe less successfully. Mr. HERBERT uses innocence as a spring-board for dialogue that would have scared the daylight out of our grandmothers, and one cannot escape the conclusion that he has tried artistically to have things both ways.

Apart from a black eye, a few telephone calls and an uninterrupted flow of liquor, *The Moon is Blue* is in essence a static debate about whether two well brought up young people will go to bed with one another. Do we very much care? A prim young architect and a policeman's daughter who appears to have read a sixpenny Freud, they meet on top of the Empire State building and retire hand in hand to an all-night sitting in the architect's flat, where the girl discusses her virginity and kindred matters as coolly as if she were ordering fish. The third member of the party is a hardened roué from upstairs, whom the girl's starry eyes melt into a genuine

proposal of marriage and a chivalrous state of mind which sends the youngsters back to the Empire building, with marriage now top of their agenda.

It would be unfair to suggest that, in spite of long slabs of rather trivial dialogue, this is not quite an amusing comedy, but it would have been sharper if the girl had been less knowing. Miss DIANA LYNN has freshness of attack, but she is too pert and determined for such ingenuous behaviour. Her best scenes are with the penitent rip, because with him archness about the facts of life doesn't wash. He is a familiar stage character, yet Mr. ROBERT FLEMYNG contrives to make him the most interesting person in the play, by a process all his own, which consists of a bark dissolving into a self-depreciatory chuckle. As the score mounts, this method is surprisingly effective. The architect is nicely played by Mr. BIFF MCGUIRE. Mysteries which remain unsolved are why the worldling should mix his drinks like the callowest undergraduate, and why a Niagara of alcohol should have no effect on him whatever.

We have so long accepted the convention that the characters of farce should be nitwits devoid of feeling that it comes as a shock, and a pleasant one, to be offered absurd people who nevertheless have heard of Ibsen and are not ashamed of being a little touching. Mr. VERNON SYLVAINÉ'S *As Long as They're Happy* lives from hand to mouth, without any real situation, but dares to be original and literate in its

dialogue. His immaculate stockbroker, superbly taken by Mr. JACK BUCHANAN, obviously owes something to Mr. Battle of *The Breadwinner*. One of his daughters is married to an existentialist, another to a cowboy, while the youngest is in love with a crooner who keeps an onion in his pocket and is sick to death of bobbysoxers. Mr. DAVID HUTCHESON makes this phenomenon very charming and very funny. A cast which includes Miss DOROTHY DICKSON, Miss SALLY COOPER and Mr. FREDERICK BERGER knows its business, and to the pleasures of an adventurous evening is added the bonus that the characters are sketched below the surface and are all likeable.

Recommended

The Two Bouquets (Piccadilly), a delightful Farjeon revival, *Love from Judy* (Saville), a lively British musical, and *High Spirits* (Hippodrome), an unusually intelligent revue.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Sangaree—Innocents in Paris

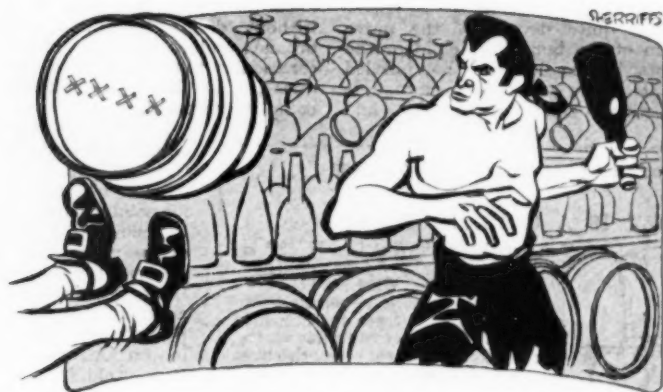
IT is the dubious distinction of *Sangaree* (Director: EDWARD LUDWIG) to be the first three-dimensional full-length feature that I have been not unwilling to sit through to the end. I didn't say *eager*, I said *not unwilling*. I mean boredom and irritation didn't reach, even in an hour and a half, the pitch easily induced by *Buena Vista* and *House of Wax* in the first twenty minutes. Whether this amounts to agreeing with the publicity that 3-D movies have "come of age," I'm not sure.

Sangaree, in fact, is a perfectly good example of the Technicolor costume melodrama, and if you like that sort of thing there's no particular reason why the fact that it's in 3-D should keep you away from it. True, it is studded with scenic effects obviously designed far more to show off the technique than because they are right for the story; true, on the two or three occasions when it is contrived that a knife, or a barrel, or whatever, is thrown into the eye of the camera, the result is not a feeling of shocked sympathy with the character ostensibly in the line of fire but a giggle, a look round at neighbours, and a complete loss of illusion. But broadly, this highly-coloured story of heroics, spectacular action, sneering villainy and fiery passion in eighteenth-century Georgia is very much the sort of thing you have seen before, effective (if at all) in the same way as usual.

For me it never has been effective, or at least not for a very long time. I can never get so worked up about the vicissitudes of the central characters



[*The Moon is Blue*
Donald Graham—Mr. BIFF MCGUIRE David Slater—Mr. ROBERT FLEMYNG
Patty O'Neill—Miss DIANA LYNN



Doctor Carlos Morales, physician and scene-shifter—
FERNANDO LAMAS

that I fail to notice with signally increased detachment such dialogue phrases as "You're no angel" or "You know something?" which plant the whole show irrevocably in the twentieth century. And the plot—the plot that is advanced by the over-hearing of plans freely yelled and roared about behind thin wooden partitions or beside open windows: the plot the climax of which is approached by the hero's significant remark that *but first, he has one last duty*, as he sets out to find the villain—as conventional a prelude to a fight as an announcement by Jack Solomons . . .

There, you see?—I'm talking about the *story*. Perhaps the 3-D movie has come of age after all.

Innocents in Paris (Director: GORDON PARRY) is a baffling piece of work. It involves a group of very good players headed by ALASTAIR SIM and CLAIRE BLOOM in a scrap-heap of all the most popular, corny, universally known jokes about Paris, Frenchmen, French girls, English people in Paris, and a number of equally familiar subjects, including the difficulty (this one was being rapturously applauded for red-hot topicality by studio audiences several years ago) of getting a Russian to say "Yes."

Well, all they need is a studio audience to watch it; and there's an inexhaustible supply of these simple souls. One was sitting near me. The bellows of mirth with which he greeted (no, no, not because he hadn't heard them before—precisely because he *had*) such witticisms as the one about the air traveller who left his stomach behind, or the one about the way the French drive on the wrong side of the road, or—yes, positively—the visual one about the Scotsman's kilt, were the best possible augury for the success of this picture. There are even quite a number of things worthy of notice by

people of somewhat subtler perception; but will they have stayed to see them?

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Salome will be making a splash in London by the time these words appear, though it's not my cup of Technicolor. Otherwise most things worthy of notice are long-established: *Adorable Creatures* (10/6/53), *The Beggar's Opera* (17/6/53), and good old *Moulin Rouge* (25/3/53).

Among the releases is the Disney *Peter Pan* (29/4/53)—just average Disney, not for people with strong feelings about the original. *Forever Female* (8/7/53), though it goes soft at the end, is largely an enjoyable theatrical satire in the *All About Eve* manner.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE BALLET

High Spirits Undimmed

THAT long-limbed, hard-working, accomplished and above all friendly company, the American National Ballet Theatre, is with us again at Covent Garden; not perhaps with quite the old vitality of the days of Nora Kaye, Michael Kidd and Jerome Robbins, but still with its stimulating dower of the contemporary ballets it dances so well. And with those high spirits, which won our warm affection when first we met with them, in 1946, undimmed. And, of course, we would know it for an American company even without the name on the programme. For national Ballets have national characteristics. Our own Sadler's Wells Ballet is seen at its best in ballets in the classical tradition, for, as might be expected, our dancers are well-disciplined and academic. French Ballet tends to be a tremendously chic

affair, with a great deal of sophistication and no discipline whatever. And this American company dances with vigour and expertise and, on the whole, the American dancers are fine, though not academic, technicians. And this non-academic technique well suits those typically new-world works in which the company is seen at its best.

No doubt it was inevitable that they should open their four-week season with *Les Sylphides* (that work of art which is almost without blemish save that we have to see it too often) which they perform with piety rather than with conviction.

But they came into their own with *Fancy Free*, JEROME ROBBINS's Tale of Three Sailors (and their clippies) on shore leave, to music, by BERNSTEIN, which combines nostalgia with amused observation to the point where it becomes a piece of wry *New Yorker* reportage in sound. Its elemental urges take place in the easy-come-by warmth of a quayside bar in the shadow of the lighted windows of OLIVER SMITH's witty skyscrapers. And, as in every rôle he takes, JOHN KRIZA gives the impression that he was born to dance the toughest of the three tough sailors, and in his *pas-de-deux* with GEMZE DE LAPPE brings a note of wonder and of wistful poetry to an essentially practical encounter.

Earlier we were given a very tired ballet of gipsy love, which was neither of the first inspiration nor of much amorous urgency. *Aleko* was created eleven years ago by Massine. The dreary work has not been seen in this country before, and, short of physical compulsion, there seems little reason why we should have to see it again. In it the distinguished classical ballerina, ALICIA ALONSO, was badly miscast as the Zingara charmer with the delicious name of Zephira, a rôle which she danced with energy rather than allure, to some well-known music by TCHAIKOVSKY in some well-worn sets by CHAGALL.

The inspired platitudes of BALANCHINE's *Theme and Variations* (TCHAIKOVSKY again) served at least to remind us how fortunate Ballet Theatre is in having IGOR YOUSKEVITCH to lead its men. The sustained beauty of his line, in movement and in pose, the ease and pace of his turns and the precision of his beats place him in the line of the great Russian dancers, and the breadth and strength of his work goes far to compensate for its lack of any flowing continuity. CARYL BRAHMS



ON THE AIR

"Why?"

TELEVISION'S new parlour game, "Why?", got away to a dreadful start and was belaboured unmercifully by viewers and professional

critics. Changes were made in the team, the structure of the programme was tightened up, and Lime Grove tried again. But, no. Second thoughts had not been noticeably better. "Why?" is a flop without further question and should be jettisoned as soon as possible.

It is time that the B.B.C. reconsidered its attitude (or addiction) to parlour games. The formula has, of course, many advantages: requiring neither elaborate "props" nor strenuous rehearsal, it is relatively easy and cheap to produce, and because it asks little of the performers—who are either born public doodlers and masters of trivia or they are not—it can inject ready-made glamour and "personality" into the weekly TV ration without too much trouble. If I did not know that radio and TV parlour games had been imported from the United States I should be tempted to describe them as a typically British outlet for our abounding mediocrity. After all, we have a reputation as a nation of gifted amateurs.

But we can have too much of this giggling tomfoolery. In "Why?" we have a competition between adults posing as parents and children. The child reads out a question to its appointed parent ("Why does mummy want you to go and eat coke, daddy?" "Why do you drink, daddy, when you're not thirsty?" "Why does mummy say that Uncle Dick's burning the candle at both ends?" That sort of thing) and for two minutes

the parent and child engage in patter that is quite devoid of the naïve charm of the inquisitive child or the awkward sincerity of the puzzled parent. All we get is tiresome rigmarole and witless child-impersonation, and

looks unhappy! Far from it. He is without doubt the most cheerful, urbane and personable master of ceremonies that TV has so far produced, but here his talents are completely wasted.

The team seems to be undecided whether to make the whole thing a farce or whether to play for points. One "parent" will simulate a harassed obtuseness and give answers that are intentionally evasive, and another will play the part straight, like a nurse in an Austrian clinic. One "child" will be childish, another as insinuating as a *Tribune* leader. W. J. Brown, who seems to have exhausted himself in TV's "In The News," is here in his element. But of the rest only Miss Patricia Burke and Miss Brenda Bruce seem to have the right approach to the game.

"Why?" has two major faults; it makes no provision for "audience participation" (that is, doesn't let the viewer join in) and it leaves the viewer with nothing more substantial or worthwhile than a close-up of celebrities, major or minor, at their frolics. To succeed—and I am of the opinion that all parlour tricks should be restricted to the Christmas season—a family game should be amusing, instructive and competitive—as amusing as a charade, as instructive as a spelling bee and as competitive as "Happy Families." After "Why?" and all games of the same ilk why not "How, When and Where?"

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Reproduced from Punch, July 23, 1853

WHAT IS A CABMAN'S MILE?



THE question of "What is a Mile?" is likely to take its place by the side of the important question "What is a Pound?" in the annals of political—or some other kind of—economy. Since the new Act has come into force—or rather into operation, for its potency is not yet much felt—there has been a fearful conflict of opinion between the cab-drivers and the public as to what is a mile. It is evident that there must be an appendix added to all the books on arithmetic, for the purpose of including Cab Measure, which is quite distinct from any other measure we have yet met with, and is about as diametrically opposed to Long Measure, as chalk is to any cascal or curdy compound. In the eyes of a cabman, "a miss is as good as a mile;" in fact, anything is as good as a mile for his—that is to say for his passenger's—money.

Any one who takes a cab from the West End to go over the water, whether by Westminster or Waterloo, may think himself fortunate if he is not involved in a sort of "Six-Mile-Bridge affair," by the demand of the cabman for three shillings, as the fare for passing one of the bridges.

when the gong sounds at the end of the round—good old gong!—a jury of six selected from the studio audience gives its verdict. Up go the cards marked "P" or "C" and a storm of applause greets the winner.

There is, of course, a chairman—someone to explain the rules, sound the gong, keep the score and introduce the inevitable "guest stars." And I am sorry to find my favourite cricket commentator, Peter West, occupying this unhappy seat. Not that Mr. West

substantial or worthwhile than a close-up of celebrities, major or minor, at their frolics. To succeed—and I am of the opinion that all parlour tricks should be restricted to the Christmas season—a family game should be amusing, instructive and competitive—as amusing as a charade, as instructive as a spelling bee and as competitive as "Happy Families." After "Why?" and all games of the same ilk why not "How, When and Where?"

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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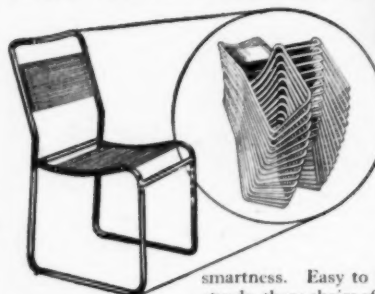
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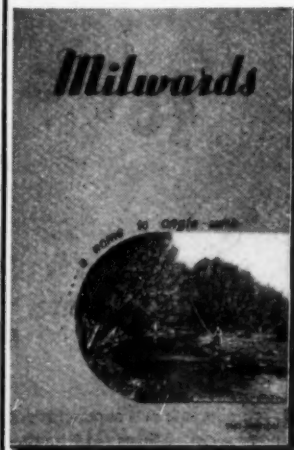
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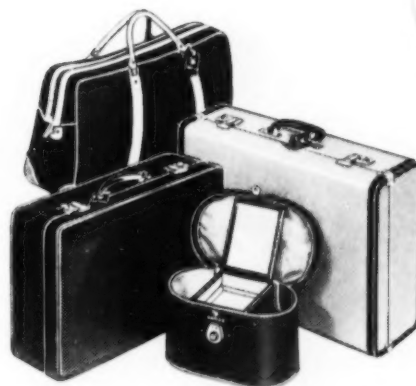
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